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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1900

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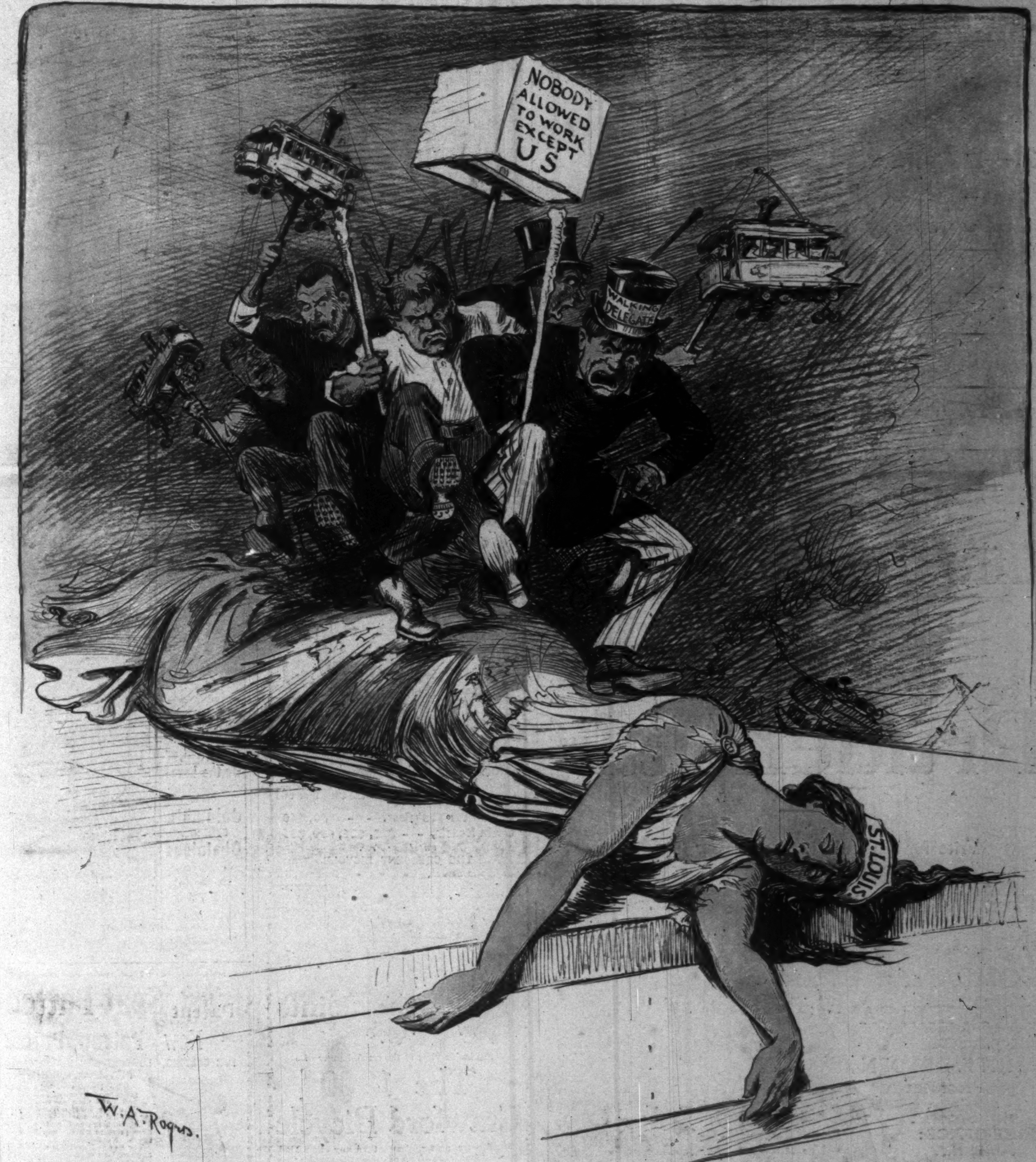
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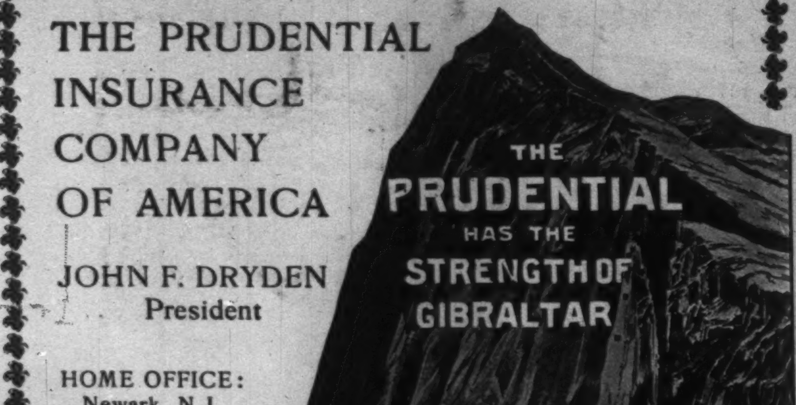

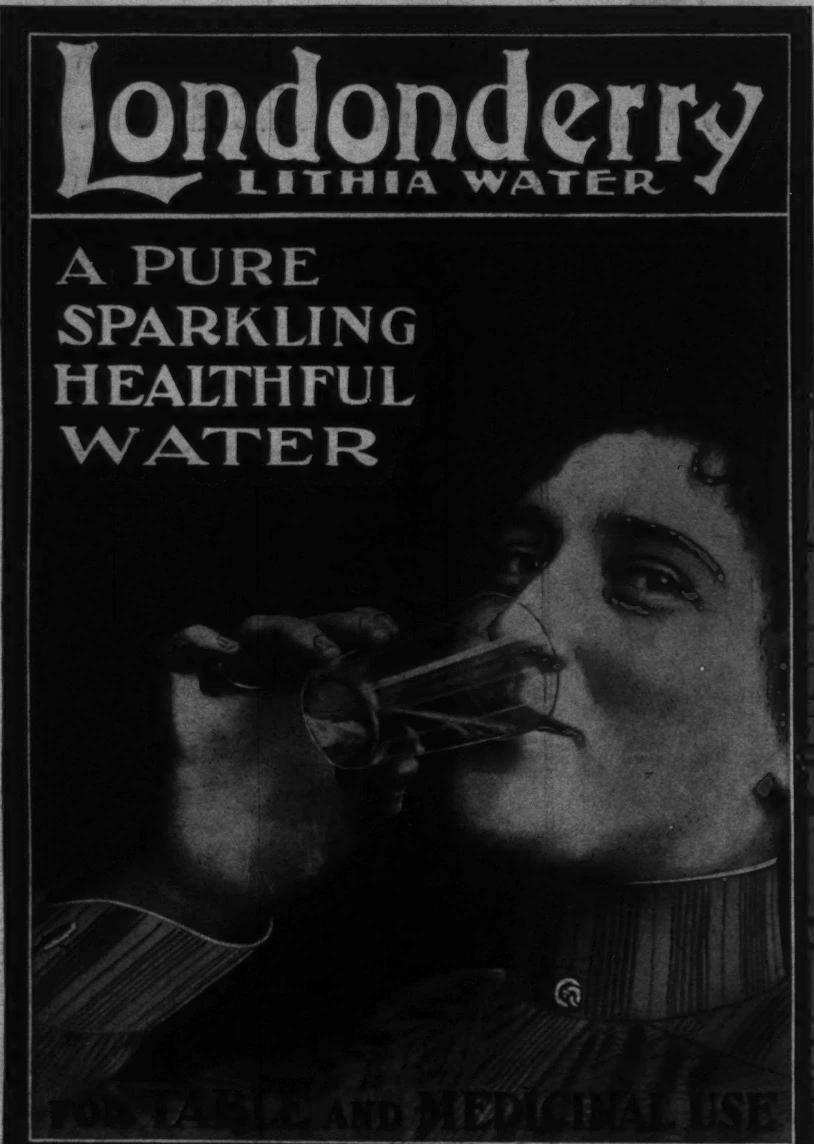

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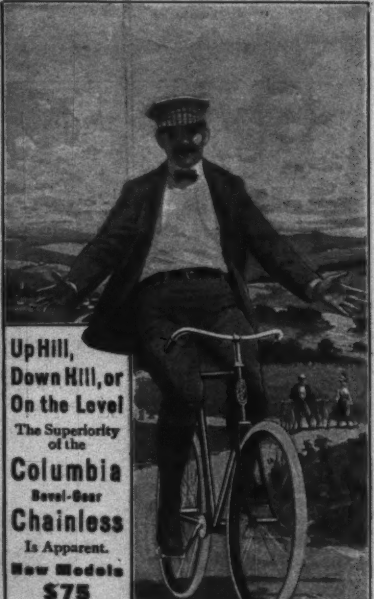

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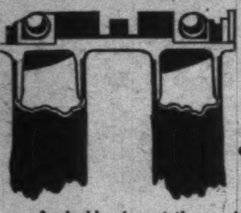

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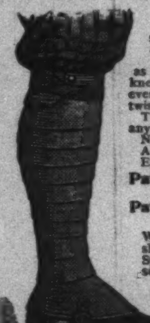

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Vol. XLV.
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

June 16
1900

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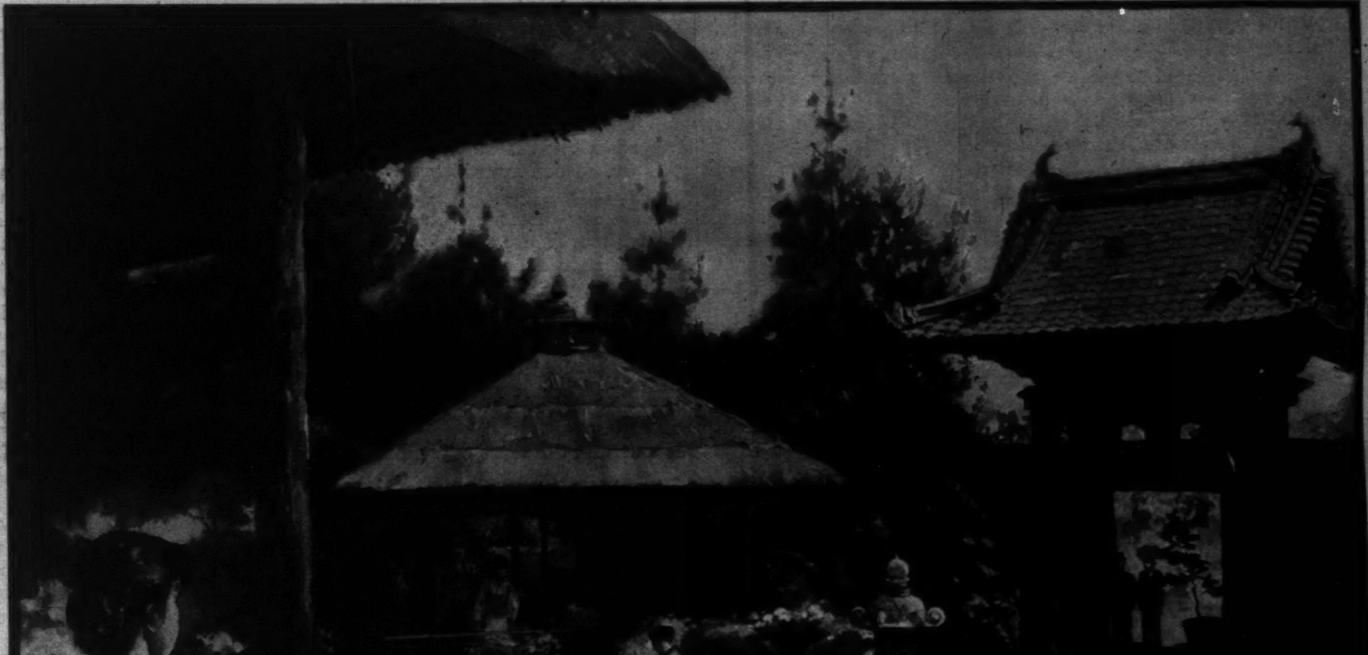

THE JAPANESE GARDEN, GOLDEN GATE PARK, SAN FRANCISCO.

DRAWN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH, BY C. D. WELDON.—[SEE PAGE 555.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY
(WITH A COLORED SUPPLEMENT)
NEW YORK CITY, JUNE 16, 1900

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A Golden Opportunity

NO one can justly complain that we have not fallen upon interesting days. Things are happening in all parts of the world with a rapidity and to an extent which are dazing. The well-informed man has to rise early and sit up late to keep himself up to the standard, and becomes practically useless as a source of information because he has no time to stop acquiring knowledge to impart it. We cannot in candor say that we think the world is letting the nineteenth century go out in a blaze of glory. On the contrary, the incidents of the first six months of its last year are such as to make one feel that we are all of us in need of a moral toning up. We are not by any means degenerate, but we are pretty well let down, and in positive danger of starting the new century with a well-developed case of nervous prostration on our hands. The time has come when we should pull ourselves together and see what can be done to redeem our age in the eyes of posterity, or, what is even more important, to save posterity from the evil results of our own actions. We seem to have departed from the simplest rules of health by which ordinarily sane men and communities should govern themselves. We are nervous and irritable. We are suspicious and quarrelsome. A state of war exists in every clime. Nations and individuals alike who should be at peace with each other are snarling and snapping angrily in each other's face. Opportunities for the demonstration of high and honorable motives are being prostituted to ignoble uses. Persons high in power, either in statecraft or in industry, are blind and arrogant. Masses of toilers are restless and impossible, and in many instances verging upon riot. Mob violence prevails in many communities, and is met with a lethargic indifference by the guardians of the public peace that is appalling—in short, the whole world is in that tense state which gives promise of some fearful social convulsion, which must soon eventuate unless there is quickly discovered some remedy by which disaster may be averted.

In the past the times have almost invariably produced the man whose voice could speak to and soothe the irritations of an afflicted people, by whose wisdom order could be brought out of chaos. Other times have produced statesmen, philosophers, or poets, by whose inspired utterances nations have been stayed or stirred to a sense of what was best for them. We have reached the time where such a voice is needed. The time is ripe for a statesman or a philosopher or a poet to assume laurels which shall assure him of an immortality than which none is more glorious. The theme is before him. The problem is a hard one, but it is worthy of the highest inspiration that has yet been vouchsafed to mankind.

Where shall the human instrument for this great work be found? That it exists somewhere we have an abiding faith; that it is slumbering and has yet failed to realize its opportunity is clear; that it will be found at the psychological moment history permits us to hope with confidence; that it is needed now is a fact established beyond all peradventure.

President Kruger's Future

QUITE a number of editorial-writers in various parts of the world are now busying themselves with the question of President KRUGER's future. This should prove some consolation to the sturdy old statesman in the hour of his humiliation, and if the speculations of those who are engaged in disposing of his future days ever come to his eye he will undoubtedly be profoundly touched by the kindly spirit which animates the most and the best of them. The pathos of this strenuous figure in its present plight is great, and none but the most crabbed of hearts can fail to respond to it in fullest sympathy. For ourselves, we should be happy to learn that Mr. KRUGER with his devoted wife had decided to make one more long trek, across the seas that divide us, to settle down to peace and happiness as a citizen of this republic, here to cultivate a spirit of resignation and to enjoy his few remaining days among those who admire him for his courage. He would find no discordant note in his welcome, for there are thousands among us who think of him as of one who has suffered for a righteous and just cause, and others, while believing him to have been wholly mistaken, are yet anxious to accord him a welcome commensurate with his many virtues. The best news the Boer envoys can take back to the fallen President of the Transvaal is that the open door in the United States is swinging on its hinges for his entrance whenever he may choose to come and join our household.

As to the Strikes

THE strike situation in Chicago and St. Louis does not seem to improve as time progresses. Indeed, in St. Louis it appears to be growing worse daily. In the latter city the conditions have reached an intolerable pass, and one, indeed, which is rather more disgraceful to the authorities than to the strikers themselves, since the responsibility for the failure to preserve law and order is more easily fixed upon the rulers of the unfortunate city than the responsibility for the outrages perpetrated can be fixed upon the strikers. In every large city there is to be found an irresponsible element of thugs and thieves and professional rioters. It is the unfortunate predicament of labor, so designated by economists, that these perverts always attach themselves to its cause when its cause needs to be fought for. They have no conscience; morals are an unknown quantity to them; they have no sense of right and wrong; they are brutes, pure and simple—and we thus characterize them with due apologies to the beasts of earth, because we have never yet known a beast who could be considered their equal in brutality. They are ever ready to take part in any quarrel, because they love quarrelling, and they ally themselves with one side not because they care a rap for it, but because they are filled with envy, hatred, and malice toward the other. If capital would bribe them they would be found as fiendishly interested on its side as on the other. Capital, however, will not pay them, and they know that labor cannot, and so they wreak their vicious vengeance upon those whom they hate because they have something. They are anarchists at heart, and they are actuated by but one motive, which is to destroy. Born for the gallows, thousands of them escape it; but they are gallows-birds just the same, and if the authorities do not treat them accordingly, and the labor unions do not repudiate them by deed as well as by word, both the authorities and the unions are criminally negligent. This appears to be the condition of affairs in St. Louis. The authorities in their failure to deal with these people are as criminal as the unfortunates themselves, and the unions by their failure to disown their alliance with the mob are equally to be blamed.

There was a time in this country when matters of this sort were looked after at Washington. We may be too close to a Presidential campaign to hope for decisive action from the capital of the nation, but it is a pity that in a land such as ours claims to be, and truly is, there seems to be no one in the State or Federal government who realizes the necessity for immediate and drastic action.

Judge Taft and the Philippines

JUDGE TAFT has arrived at the Philippine Islands, and he has delivered himself of the precise kind of speech that we had expected. He is one of those rarely gifted men who see things as they are, and in whom there rests a sort of common-sense which will see any man through any kind of difficulty which may confront him. If the Filipinos mistrust his promises, that is their misfortune. There is no doubt that when a man of Judge TAFT's peculiar kind says that "we are here to do justice to the Filipinos and to secure for them the best government in our power, and such a measure of popular control as is consistent with stability and security of law, order, and property," he means what he says. He is not a New York politician who would sacrifice his soul for office; he is not an anxious member of Congress who would promise anything to get a second term: he is Judge TAFT—and when we say that he is Judge TAFT, we mean to imply that he represents all that is best in American manhood, involving integrity of character, a sane mind, and the loftiest of motives. In fact, Judge TAFT is the kind of citizen we all claim to be. If he be let alone to work out the Philippine question as its complications present themselves to his mind, there is little doubt that he will inspire confidence in the people of the islands, and will ultimately so advise the Washington authorities that a just and equitable solution of the Pacific problem will become possible. He is entitled to a fair chance, and if the public will let him have it, ignoring the sour sneers of a dyspeptic press and the ignorant criticisms of the Anti-Imperialist League, the odds that light will dawn where darkness rests are encouragingly great.

The Democratic State Convention

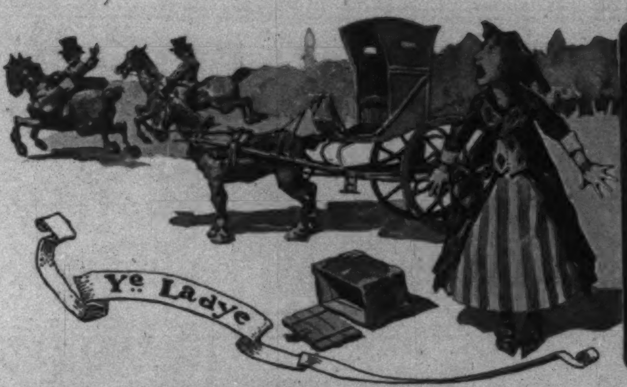
THE Democratic State Convention, which was held in New York city last week, was a remarkable one in many ways. In the first place, it gathered together no end of the real statesmen of the community, and for its notabilities if for no other reason it would have been voted a success. In the second place, considering the number of promises made in advance that certain heads would be broken, there was a surprising lack of fistic enterprise. In the third place, the platform adopted, viewed in any light, as statecraft, as fiction, as poetry, as humor, was a perfect triumph of skill in draughtsmanship. Finally, and most remarkable, the convention did two things. It enthusiastically adopted the following plank for its platform: "We express our unqualified opposition to those immense combinations of capital commonly known as 'trusts,' which are rapidly creating a condition which is becoming intolerable. These trusts are the direct outgrowth of the policy of the Republican party, which has created, fostered, and protected them. The necessary relief, by legislation or otherwise, for the correction of these evils can only be secured from the opponents of these trusts, and not from their tools, associates, and apologists." And on top of this declaration the Convention elected as delegate at large to the National Convention, shortly to be held in Kansas City, AUGUSTUS VAN WYCK, who, if the published records are correct, on the day that his brother, the Mayor of New York, in the face of his previous utterances on the same subject, vetoed a bill which would have regulated and rendered innocuous the operations of the Ice Trust, acquired one thousand shares in the preferred stock of that institution, and in response to a natural public inquiry as to how on limited means he could come into possession of so large a block of so desirable a property, calmly informs the public that it is none of its business.

It may turn out in the end that the Trust plank in this tentative platform was right in intimating that no relief from the oppressions of the combinations of capital can be secured from their "tools, associates, and apologists." But, right or wrong, it is difficult to believe that any body of intelligent men can really deceive themselves into thinking that the American people are a pack of idiots. The Trust-plank theory and the AUGUSTUS VAN WYCK practice do not hang together. Many men have flattered themselves that they could fool the American people. Few have succeeded in doing it.

It may be that the Democratic State Convention upon this occasion was not made up of men of intelligence.

The Adjournment of Congress

AFTER a session of great loquacity Congress has adjourned and the government at Washington still lives. The session has been a notable one in many respects. It has given us some legislation of the first importance, and has done little to which a reasonable person could object. Looking back upon the deliberations of the respective bodies, one is impressed with the idea that there has been a distinct improvement in the quality of the statesmanship of the country, and the records indubitably show that we are by no means short on orators of the best sort. The debates have been interesting and spirited, and while party feeling has at times run high, the usual bitterness and natural asperities of opposition have been singularly wanting. The passage of the currency bill, the solution of the difficult problems involved in the government of Porto Rico, Hawaii, and Alaska, the attitude of both Houses toward the claims of unfit members, together with the celerity with which the ordinary minor business of the two Houses was transacted justify the members in taking pride in their work.



AN INSOLVENT UTOPIA

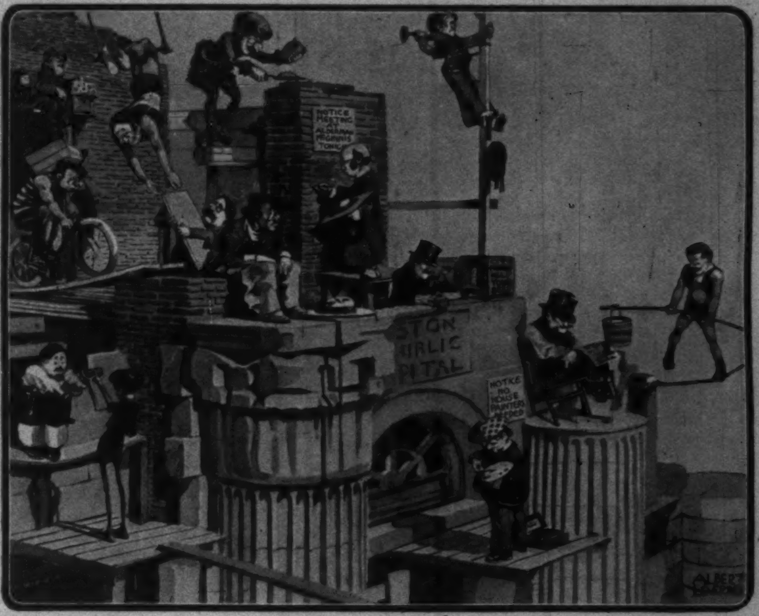
BY GUILD A. COPELAND

Ye Tyger
ALBERT LEVERING

IT was only two years ago that Mayor Josiah Quincy began in Boston his experiments that were so widely described, at the time, in the American press. He aimed to build up a model city government, whose employees should themselves do the work that in other cities is done by contract or through private firms. So Boston was not content merely to have departments for building, cleaning, or repairing streets or water-systems or sewers. Its stationery and printing work was turned out by one city bureau. Another bureau was established for carpenter-work, repair-work of various kinds on the public buildings, and even for electrical construction and repair. An ice-plant was established for cutting and storing ice to be used in the drinking-fountains. Veterinary bureaus were devised to look after the horses used in city work. Of course the horses themselves were bought for the city. Wheelwrights, blacksmiths, painters and letterers, and a whole army of labor came into the city's employ.

This was, in effect, the nearest approach to the development of the "municipal ownership" idea ever seen in any American municipality. It was a modified form of socialism, and at the outset it won high praise. The city was to save the money heretofore paid in middle-men's or corporations' profits, and was not to allow greedy contractors to wring dishonest profits from the municipal treasury. The painful announcement that the whole scheme is now discredited and is a subject for popular ridicule may cause some sorrow among those municipal statesmen elsewhere who have been so strongly on the side of "municipal ownership" as a theory which might save American cities from present evils.

The knowledge of the failure of the schemes for dispensing with the services of greedy corporations or contractors has come rather suddenly upon Boston. An old Boston business man and banker, T. N. Hart, was elected Mayor last December, and began his term on New-Year's day. Soon afterwards he was asked to sign some vouchers for city work, and was struck by the estimates of cost of material and labor. He saw that they were far above the current rates, and he began to make a quiet investigation. The result has been that one after another of these much-heralded and much-lauded city bureaus has been closed up, as hopelessly extravagant.



"Skilled" Labor at Work on a Boston Municipal Building.

From the statement of a skilled workman who held a high place in one of these bureaus, but was powerless to do much in the way of correcting abuses, a few figures are worth quoting. Reckoning up the cost of material at the current quotations, and the probable cost of labor necessary to do the work under the supervision of any reliable contractor or business house in Boston, he found that a job of electrical equipment on the ferry-boats operated by the city should have cost $6800. As a matter of record, it actually cost $10,200. The electrical work on a city building for hospital nurses should have cost $1528. It really cost $4754. The work on a city armory should have cost less than $2600, but the city had to pay nearly $6700 for the job. Some work on a public school, estimated as likely to cost $1471 if done under contract, cost the city about $3600.

"All Aboard!"

Meanwhile investigations were being pushed in other directions. The city's ice-plant made an inviting field: After the statisticians had finished figuring on that public-spirited enterprise, it was found that the ice used by the Water Department in the drinking-fountains cost about $60 a ton, when it might have been bought from the local ice companies for $2 or $3 a ton. Orders were immediately given to get rid of the ice-plant at the best possible terms, lest the outlay thus created might weaken Boston's credit if the plant should be in operation much longer. If a customer could have been found for the municipal printing-plant that too might have been unloaded at once. Some investigations into the cost of the operation of the plant indicated that outside parties would have done its work at least twenty-five per cent. below the prices actually charged, and would certainly have done much better work.

Thus, in one bureau after another, practically the same situation was found. Instead of saving money by doing all kinds of city work directly by city employees, the city has been brought into debt tremendously; so that to-day the debt is over four times the limit fixed by the State Legislature, the excess having been borrowed under special legislative acts. The interest on this debt, with sinking-fund payments, now amounts to more than the entire amount annually raised by taxation for all city purposes, outside of the school expenditure.

It is worth notice that amid all these revelations, which have stunned Boston, there is no charge of any such dishonesty as would call for legal proceedings. There has been no embezzlement of money. The sums expended are covered by proper vouchers, stored in the municipal records. That there was wasteful and extravagant folly is certain; but the crime is not one covered by the statutes of the commonwealth. The failure of the experiment was due to political interference.

The reason why it cost anywhere from twenty-five per cent. to fifty per cent. more for Boston to do its own work than an outside business firm would have charged for that work is to be found in the fact that the pay-rolls of the different bureaus were absolutely loaded down with political appointees. The heads of the bureaus had to submit to this, for self-evident reasons. The appropriations for their work were fixed by the City Council. If an alderman asked to have a friend appointed, and the request were not granted, that alderman might cut down the appropriations for the bureau so as to cripple it. Hence the request was usually granted.

Since Mayor Hart came into office he has been compelled to make so many removals in the interest of economy, that it is now estimated that some $500,000 or $600,000 has been saved to the city already. Early in his term, on meeting with the head of one bureau, he suggested that if there were any superfluous men in that branch of the service they be removed; but he added that he did not want one man disturbed whose services were needed. The next day the head of the bureau brought in a report saying that at least one-third of his force could be discharged at once without any harm to the efficiency of the bureau!

In the municipal printing-plant, under the Quincy régime, one of the employees was notoriously unsatisfactory. He was told that his services were not needed and that he could consider himself dismissed. He replied jauntily that even the public printer did not dare to discharge him. This impudent reply resulted in his prompt discharge. Yet he came back the next day, and said coolly to his superior: "Alderman Blank of South Boston says I'm to go back to work; but if you make any kick about it I'm to have your place and you go. See?" And he did stay, although his work was as unsatisfactory as before.

It might be supposed that the civil-service laws would interpose some obstacle to loading the service down with inefficient men; but it was found that there were some ways of evading the civil-service laws. If the men had applied for work as skilled workmen or as ordinary employees they would have been compelled to show their fitness; but many of the applications were made for service under queer trades not generally supposed to be needed in the city's work. Often it would happen that the application thus put in would be the only one of its kind. The Civil Service Commissioners had, of course, prepared no examination for such a trade. The applicant was registered, and then there would promptly follow a requisition for just such a worker for one of the city departments.

In a list of about fifty men who were employed in the Water Department on clerical work, or in inspecting hydrants or water-pipes, it was found that one had entered as a "coppersmith," another as a "ship-calker," and another as an "expert swimmer." There were "sailors," "dial-makers," "rubber-gasket makers," "riggers" and "splicers," "miners," "stone-cullers," "beam-tenders," "wiremen," and "rodmen" in the list, also, each demanded by special requisition for a man of that trade. About every branch of human effort except that of "expert balloonist" or "skilled animal-trainer" may be found in these special requisitions; and the only reason these were overlooked is probably that they did not occur to the fertile brains of the ingenious evaders of the civil-service laws.

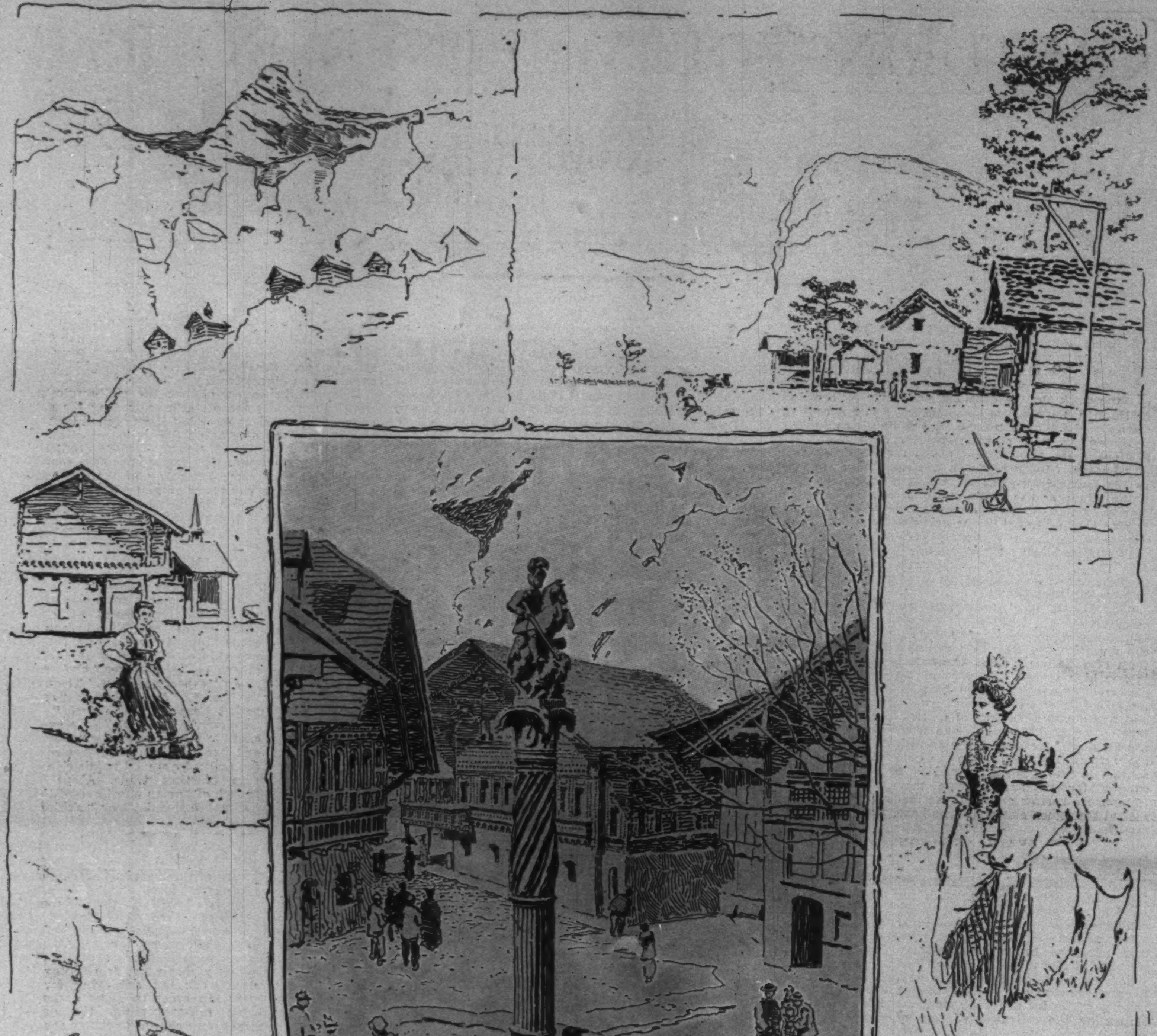
As has been said, the different departments were so overloaded with employees that the expenses of running them were far greater than would have been the expenses of an ordinary business firm doing the same work but employing far less men. In order to make a show of being self-supporting, the departments were obliged to charge for each job much more than it was worth. On paper the departments were self-supporting. Only a few months ago an investigating committee from New York was convinced that the printing-plant was financially a success; but the charges made by the printing bureau for its work were much higher than the price at which the same work could have been done by private firms.

What would have been the result if the Boston experiment had been carried out upon a businesslike basis is a question which may be discussed by theorists. What actually resulted has been shown. As compared with the political conditions in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, or San Francisco, Boston political methods are popularly supposed to be as pure as the most widely advertised brand of toilet soap. Yet Boston has learned, with mixed emotions of surprise, pain, and chagrin, the results of its own experiment in public operation of public business. The question of "municipal ownership" has been settled for Boston. The proposed Utopia has been forced into insolvency, and a hard-headed Yankee banker is now engaged in winding up its accounts in a prudent manner.

MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT

Too Many got Aboard.

It may be added that in the mean time those public franchises that have been operated by private capital in Boston are paying good dividends; but they are run on business principles, and without any interference on the part of politicians. Possibly there is some American city where the Boston experiment could be repeated without political interference; but I do not profess to know just where that city is to be found.


THE MARKET-PLACE.
E. C. Peixotto
Paris 1900.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

SKETCHES IN THE "SWISS VILLAGE" BY E. C. PEIXOTTO.

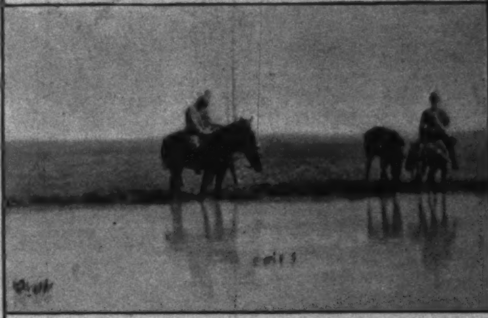
CAPTURING THE WEPENER BOERS

By
William
Dinwiddie

Special commissioner to South Africa for Harper's Weekly

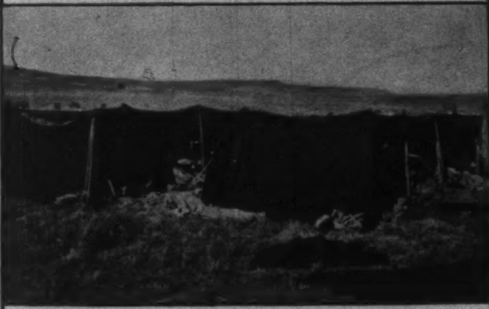
ROBERTS'S HORSE ON THE MARCH.

BAGGAGE-TRAIN AND CONVOY.



A WATER-HOLE IN THE VELDT.

GENERAL POLE-CAREW AND STAFF.



THE GUARDS' SHELTER-TENTS.

WE were going to surround and capture 11,000 Boers, who were in a tight hole in the southeastern part of the State, around Wepener and De Wets Dorp. Yes, the enemy had made a fatal mistake in staying so long in this particular section, vainly endeavoring to capture Colonel Dalgetty's small force of Britishers at Wepener, after Lord Roberts's big army, of anything from sixty to a hundred thousand men, had assembled to the north of them at Bloemfontein, and were scattering out over forty miles of territory, east and west, blocking all lines of retreat.

How could the Boers get out? The knowing ones, however, said "Watch them," but the majority of the officers were jubilant, for was not General Brabrant, with a mixed lot of Colonial Horse, moving north from Aliwal-North on Wepener and very near there? And then there was General Chermside, with the 3d Division of infantry, moving eastward as fast as slow "footies" could go, on De Wets Dorp. And, again, to the north of them, the British forces were strung out along the main road from Bloemfontein toward Ladybrand—just how far no one seemed to know, but certainly past Thabanchu. It was a bad pocket for even the wily Boer to be in. He dared not go into Basutoland, for ten thousand curly-headed, shiny-black natives guarded the frontier of their self-governed land, all armed with modern rifles, and commanded by a general as black as the ace of spades, wearing a wonderful cocked hat and a uniform gorgeous in golden braid.

Prior to this hemming in of the Free State Boer contingent (who bid defiance to the British by staying in the rear of a great army, for what precise devilish purpose it was difficult to say), the opinion was expressed everywhere that General Roberts would pay no attention to them—for there were thousands upon thousands of British soldiers who could hold the railway lines of communication securely—but that he would pass north as soon as he could recruit his fast-dying saddle-horses, and drive the enemy out of Kroonstad. However, now it was said that Roberts was too clever a strategist to leave so many men harassing his rear without first making a big effort to crush them. It is well the commanding general does not hear all the conflicting opinions as to his real intentions, for it might confuse him.

So it happened on Sunday, the 22d of April, through carefully prepared plans, that the British troops were moving eastward out of Bloemfontein in several separate columns, toward the enemy's advance-guard, who held kopjes within less than ten miles of the city.

Away behind, miles back, black patches crawled over the veldt, apparently as slowly as the hands of a clock move, now hidden from view for ten minutes by a depression in the rolling surface, now creeping over the hill and down into another valley, turning from a dark patch on the dried yellow grass to tiny animate figures with individual movement, and then to thousands of men on horseback, followed by strings of wagons and ambulances. It was Colonel Alderson's mounted infantry coming up, followed by the rest of the cavalry brigade, in command of Dickson.

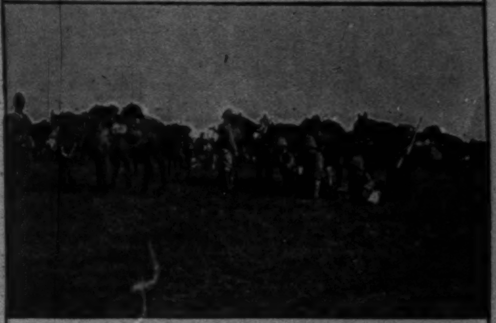
There is another body of troops showing from behind a low ridge, very far to the north, and still another behind them, and in the rear, so far away that one only knows by the long rectangular patch they make on the ground as they march in quarter-column that they are human beings, comes the infantry going to combat. They will be up to us by nightfall.

The whole grass-covered veldt is alive with moving horse and men. General French is in command of the approaching cavalry division, which will dash on ahead to meet the enemy. It is his intention to throw one brigade around the left end of the big Leeuwburg Kop to the north, which looms grimly against the skyline with flat top and almost sheer hanging black-rocked face, over the low-lying ridges, which are cut here and there with mound-shaped broken kopjes, while the troops in the centre and on the right make a slight demonstration in the front to hold the Boers' attention. If he succeed, the enemy will be cut off from retreat to the north at least, and, by a rapid cavalry move around the right of precipitous Leeuwburg Kop, perhaps they may be surrounded entirely.

The cavalry scouts in little bunches come up and pass us, scampering to the top of every rise, a mile or so ahead of the advancing masses of troops. The first low-lying kopje—a mass of broken rock—has, we see, been deserted by the enemy; for the scouts, after circling around its base to draw the enemy's fire, ride straight for its crest, and are outlined against the clear blue sky. Half an hour afterward, beneath the kopje, three thousand horses were splashing on the edges of the wide dammed sheet of water (known as a "pan" in this country), eagerly drinking their fill after a ten-mile canter. Leeuwburg Kop was still eight miles away.

On went Colonel Alderson's troops of Canadian Mounted Rifles, a thousand strong, two squadrons of Roberts's Horse, and the first corps of Hutton's brigade of mounted infantry, accompanied by two galloping Maxims and four pom-poms (Vicker-Maxim one-pounder rapid-fire guns). They were making for the

TAKING AMMUNITION TO THE FRONT.



A HALT ON THE VELDT.

THE MAXIM GUNS.

A CANADIAN TROOP OF HORSE.

THE RAPID-FIRE GUNS MOVING UP.

right end of the giant kop. General French's large bodies of cavalry were out of sight, but were last seen moving in a parellel direction far to the left.

A large spruit, whose stream-bed was almost dry, ran around the base of the kop, two thousand yards away. The body of mounted men, in close formation, remained on the far side, some 2500 yards from any possible rifle-fire, while the scouts galloped over the slightly ascending and barren plain for the foot of the mountain.

Back and forth they rode, in and out, in all directions, bravely defying the invisible enemy to try potting them. Suddenly to the left comes the pick-pack of Mausers, and half a dozen cavalrymen, bent low, come madly galloping toward the main body and report they have been fired upon. Again on the right the Canadian scouts have circled around the right end of the mountain and carefully approached a farm-house, from which floats a white flag, when they are met by a sputtering small-arm fire delivered from behind the heavy stone fences of Dutch kraals. No sound from the long flat mountain, however; no mortal man could say whether it concealed, on its stone-rimmed crest, five hundred or five thousand Boers.

The cavalry are moved by the right flank and then right oblique, so as to gain a position farther around this end of the mountain and an open view of the plain beyond, where the enemy is expected to retreat when driven out by French on the left and rear. A long low line of receding kopjes, at right angles to the front chain, indicates that the Boer is not to be caught in the open, but has reserved an excellent line of flight among projecting hills.

The Canadian scouts have reported that they have been treacherously fired upon from the farm-house floating the white flag—the pledge-emblem that the enemy will not fight there. The pom-poms are galloped five hundred yards nearer and open on the farm, where husbanded water and the toil of man have turned barren veldt into an oasis of shading trees and foliage. The gun roars with half a dozen explosions at a time, like the sound of a heavy hammer pounded on an empty box, and the little shells hiss away with fainter-growing sound, then silence, and back comes light popping, like firecrackers, as they burst against the stone walls and brick buildings of the farm.

Whee-e-e! Bang! and a twelve-pound shrapnel bursts 200 yards high in the air and far short of our massed men, but evidently coming toward us. Then another and still another is breaking into a ball of white smoke, which slowly drifts away in the breeze. "That's French's artillery overshooting the kopje," some one exclaims. "Yes, that's French," everybody agrees. "He's behind them, and we've got them surrounded." "What the deuce!" and a thousand men bend low in the saddle as a shell roars past, close overhead, and explodes with a terrific report in the ground beyond, throwing the brown earth high in the air. Again the air howls and a second contact shell covers the pom-poms with clods of earth and dust.

The shrapnel are bursting in one, two, three order, all very short now, but two thousand yards this side of the kop. "'Ow is it theah doin' such bloody bad shootin'?" a Tommy exclaims, as he wistfully gazes into the air. "I'm beastly sure it's them bloody Boers what's doin' the game."

Whee-e-e! Roar! Bang! and another solid shell bursts into fragments ten feet from the near edge of the great square of horsemen. Again they retire, now satisfied that the Boers have opened a masked battery. It is impossible to locate it.

It is solid shell bursting on impact, coming one after another slowly, tearing up the ground, now in front, now behind the column, but always in a line with it. The Boers have a habit, it is said, of using their artillery at longer ranges than are intended, by giving the muzzle extra elevation; hence they cannot use shrapnel, as the fuses are cut too short for exploding in the air.

The cavalry retire a few hundred yards at a time, until they are finally beneath the next roll in the veldt and out of sight.

Several miles to the left the artillery roared and the pom-poms thrilled and droned in almost continuous action. French's cavalry had attempted to pass over the low rises in the veldt to his position in the rear of Leeuwburg Kop, but the Boers were ready to meet him at the weak place in their line by a perfect death-destroying hail of one-pound shells. Through the advancing cavalry the steel-pointed shells drove. One man down! Two down! Half a dozen down! and the troopers beat a retreat, some men hanging on the stirrup leathers of their comrades, as their own horses pitifully struggled to rise to their feet and sank back with mangled bodies. Two men lay still and quiet—one where he had pitched heavily from the saddle, and the other pinned down, dead, beneath a dying horse.

It was nearing sunset; the air was filled with a pest of grasshoppers, which rose and fell in clouds, the red sunlight glinting from their gauzy wings as they flew feebly in advance of Alderson's troopers, moving down on the near-by water-hole to camp for the night.

From the top of the nearest hill the plain beyond could be seen, covered with foot-troops—the Guards Brigade they were—marching wearily toward us. Beyond them the fight went on. It was all British artillery now, and the pom-poms were silent. In the waning light one saw the flash of cannon, and many seconds afterwards a spark of fire on the low kopjes in front, and the spreading out of a flower of smoke. Some shells flew wild, but the battery in action was doing good work, bursting shrapnel upon shrapnel along the rocky hills, until the balls of smoke drifted away in long lines in the light breeze of evening.

The Boers were retiring—not hastily or in confusion, but with irritating equanimity. Down the end of the kopje, in our sight, though away out of our range, but hidden from French's active artillerists, they slowly rode in single file. Now and then there was a man on a white horse; they all turned in their saddles, from time to time, looking backward at the shrapnel bursting harmlessly, so far as they were concerned, among the jagged rocks. For a full mile they followed the high ridge of ground, and finally disappeared behind the large mountain.

It was a trifle amusing to listen to a colonel of infantry who came up a few minutes afterwards and carefully scanned Leeuw Kop through his monocle, as he remarked: "Theah's not a Boo-ah theah, and theah hasn't been a Boo-ah theah all day. I can take that kopje with my men. Whe-ah's the general? I must see the general about this."

The Boers were gone. They had retreated, it was supposed, on the main road to De Wets Dorp, falling back, no doubt, on the main body of their forces at that point. They probably did not number more than six or eight hundred, but they had succeeded in stopping for the day ten times their number, and not a man had gotten in their rear.

The cavalry buried their dead where they fell, and, while a handful of soldiers clustered around the shallow graves with bowed heads, an officer read the solemn burial service.

A battery came rumbling up to the position Colonel Alderson had held on the right, and as the sun sank low it sent shell upon shell screeching toward the red brick farm, still flaunting the white flag.

As the twilight deepened and shadows became black masses, thousands of troops—the Lancers, the Hussars, the Guards, and the batteries and convoys and ambulances—came pouring toward the main road to De Wets Dorp and the big water-hole. Camp fires sprang up everywhere; little fires, it is true, for wood is scarcer even than water on this great sea of undulating land.

On the rim of the great basin holding a recumbent army, scouts and pickets were yet outlined against the brighter sky. Infantrymen were digging, with bayonets, shallow earth-works to protect them and the camp from attack. Down at the Dutch farm-house by the water scores of tired "Tommies" crowded about the low heavy doorway, struggling to be the next for the glass of very sour and bitter buttermilk the good fat Frau was rapidly ladling out from crocks within at threepence a glass. Near by, the field telegraph was clicking out orders from Bloemfontein headquarters for the next day's movement.

The army fell asleep. Silent and dark it was. A silence broken now and then throughout the night by stumbling soldiers trying to find their lost commands, and a darkness relieved only by blinking stars.

General French did not begin an advance again until quite late on Monday. Leeuwburg Kop and the farm-houses were deserted by the Boers, and it was learned a force of them were retreating by the big road. Orders were given to burn the big farm-house of white-flag notoriety, and as the Dutch women pleaded for their home with streaming eyes, the soldiers deluged the floors and furniture with petroleum and fired it into a roaring furnace. War is harsh and cruel, and men get accustomed to killing with compunction, but many a soldier said, as the old Frau watched her home fiercely burning, with wringing hands and tear-stricken eyes, "It's damn hard on the old woman." She had a crippled husband, and they were the richest farmers about Bloemfontein. She declared she did not know the significance of the white flag, and had been ordered by the Boers to fly it. They had fought from the farm against the owner's protest, and now they had lost their home, their cattle, their sheep, and their fine horses—all. They had worked many hard years to accumulate these possessions. Sympathetic readers must understand that British soldiers' lives were endangered by this treacherous act of the Boer forces, who fired from behind stone fences directly around the white flag, and that the burning of this property, however hard it may make the individual owners suffer, was done on the general principle that the Boer army, if they wish to protect the property of their countrymen, must not violate the sacredness of this emblem.

The rear-guard of the enemy was next met ten miles further southeast at Paardekraal, but contact was not made with him until near evening, Monday, as the line of small kopjes adjacent to the road had to be carefully scouted. It is the want of scouting that has enabled the Boers to trick the British so often. The Boer pretends to run away and the cavalry instantly chases him, to find, to their dismay and ruin, that he has doubled back and is slaughtering them from kopjes thought to be unoccupied. Never did an army have a more difficult game to play than the British in this vast country, where plain-lands swell into great rolls, with miles between each crest perhaps, and, besides, dotted all over with the many odd topographic forms, from flat-topped hills rising abruptly from the veldt to ragged mounds of rocks and circular craterlike peaks. The enemy, knowing the country, well mounted on hardy native ponies, and being rugged frontiersmen themselves, who can live on the plainest fare of mere biltong or jerked beef, simply play hide-and-go-seek with the British forces. The distances are immense, and a Boer force located one day may be forty miles away the next, and menacingly near again the third day. The Boer is undoubtedly putting up a magnificent fight in his own country, and with exactly the tactics of the Indian of America in the past, but the British forces are engaged in the most marvellous and novel campaign ever undertaken. They are holding, at the present time, from the seaboard at Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, and East London, railway lines of communication to Bloemfontein and Kimberley (which must be more or less closely guarded), some 2000 miles long. This does not take into consideration that of Natal at all. They are laboring under the frightful disadvantage of having only single-track lines with which to supply an army of 200,000 men, and, in spite of all, one is amazed at the wonderful smoothness with which the quartermaster and subsistence departments are run. General Otis's allowance of one carabao cart to a company in the Philippines seems a trifle small after one has seen the thousands upon thousands of immense trekking wagons, drawn by five or six span of mules each, which are necessary in the South-African campaign. It has already been shown that infantry are practically useless, except to hold base positions, and yet the foreign horses being brought in by tens of thousands die at an appalling rate from disease. The line of march is literally strewn with the dead carcasses of animals. It is absurd to speak of the British army here as a great overwhelming force crushing out the life of the tiny Boer contingent. The Boer army has still far more than an equal chance, taking into consideration the magnificent positions the region affords for fighting on the defensive, the semi-arid character of the country, which furnishes sufficient food for neither man nor beast, and the frightful obstacles to transportation of food-supplies.

This has nothing to do, however, with the fact that at daylight Tuesday morning French's forces moved rapidly out of their last camp at Tweede Geluk in another stern-chase of the fleeing Boers. At Paardekraal, a few miles further on, where the road at last crosses the dwindling kopjes, leading back and southeastward from Leeuw Kop, the rear-guard of Boer forces was encountered, and a running fight, lasting nearly all day, took place.

The Boers had a galloping Maxim which they used with tremendous effect, from every rise in the land, and their horsemen lay in rows along the ridges, behind rocks, and sniped at the loping British scouts. Colonel Brazier-Craigh, of Roberts's Horse, was mortally wounded by a shot from the Maxim, and in an enthusiastic attempt of the cavalry to capture this gun thirty-two men went down wounded and two fell never to rise again. It was a wild chase for twenty miles to the banks of the Modder River, when contact with the skilful Boers was again lost entirely. The Dutchmen fought from behind the stone kraal walls of no less than three farms, and for doing so the houses were promptly destroyed by the British. The lurid flames and great columns of smoke and a landscape covered with troops, followed by miles of wagons, made it indeed a picture of war. The British artillery shelled the enemy from every position, and the Boer in turn opened a pom-pom gun at one point of vantage. That it was the Boer's intention to make a strong fight at Uysklip Kopjes we learned afterwards, but the British chase was so strong that the new commando, a thousand strong, sent for from De Wets Dorp, failed to arrive in time to hold the position, though it actually passed by the convoys and rear-guard of French's force only two miles behind.

French, with the cavalry, crossed the Modder River on Wednesday morning, and circled back, over and under the Rietspoort kopjes, on De Wets Dorp, but arrived there a few hours after General Chermside's force, consisting of the 3d Division, had entered the town and found it had been evacuated of four thousand Boers the day previous. General Rundle, with the 8th Division, moving still farther eastward and coming from the south, made contact with a rear-guard of the enemy, and was hotly pursuing them, when the mounted infantry under Alderson, feeling the country about, came in touch with him. The mounted infantry then withdrew across the Modder.

Wepener was evacuated by the Boers; in fact, the whole country about—a few days before alive with the enemy—seemed to have swallowed them up. It was known that they had big wagon trains and perhaps a dozen pieces of heavy artillery, but never a sight of any of it did the British army see, who had so strenuously, and with many moving columns, tried to evade them and crush them in a pocket. Eleven thousand Boers to be bagged, and still never a sight of more than a handful and no certainty that more than a thousand had ever been in our front. It was certainly a clever retreat. They must be falling back on Thabanchu and Ladybrand, everybody said now.

The Guard's Brigade of infantry under General Pole-Carew staid all Wednesday night at Nelskraal, three miles from the Modder River. They were awaiting orders. The orders came late that night for them to move on Thabanchu at daybreak. During all the night stars, like planets just cresting the top of every kopje, winked spasmodically in dots and dashes the country round. They were the signal-lamps of the British, talking from column to column, scattered over forty miles of territory.

Back over the now unguarded road to Bloemfontein was a weary ride of nearly forty miles. At Slangfontein the farm-house held five wounded Boers (all Free-Staters); their hurts had been dressed by British medical officers. At another farm-house were several more, and the people talked in broken English of their own men, with unpronounceable names, who had been killed in the running fight. Honors for the opposing sides seemed to be about even. The line of march was strewn with dead animals, and every camping-place could be seen from afar by the sparkle of shining hard-tack tins where the sunlight struck them. The burned buildings still smoked, and black Kafirs poked greedily among the smouldering ruins.

Miles away from succor, near the road, lay a British Tommy, with glistening eyes and burning fever, his head propped up on a deserted sand hill, and the hot sun of noonday pouring into his upturned face. "They told me, sir, the wagons 'ud pick me up, but I hain't seen no wagons, sir." "Yes, I feel bad; I've mortal pains, sir, in my back and head." Poor devil, he had no water and no food; not that the latter mattered much, for he was too far gone to eat. We left him water, and cheered him up a little with the hope that wagons would pass by. All night long, alone on the empty veldt, saturated with the heavy dews and chilled to the marrow with biting winds of darkness, and now under the scorching sun of day. He did not know if they would find him all alone, so far away, and yet he answered, uncomplainingly: "Yes, sir! I'm glad of that, sir!"

Only one soldier in two hundred thousand! What real importance is it whether he lived or died, except to his mother, or mayhap his sweetheart?

The British are moving on Ladybrand now, still buoyed by the hope of cutting off the fighting Free State Boers.

Bloemfontein, *April 27, 1900.*

CHLORIS OF THE ISLAND.*

By H. B. Marriott Watson

CHAPTER XIV

THE SPY

WARBURTON was now thrown into a fresh state of indecision and wonder. He was profoundly moved by the revelations and sensations of that evening, yet could not make up his mind if he was so affected justly. He feared in this condition of suspense to trim his course either one way or another, which was most unusual with him. He recognized as well as Chloris herself that he was in greater danger than ever; indeed, it might be that he knew it much better, for he doubted her acquaintance with the deeper and blacker secrets of that house. She bore that in her face which convicted her of honesty, but he could not guess what was the mainspring of her action towards him. He had deemed that he knew, and now he doubted—nay, more than doubted. The disorder of his doubts, a certain cool and contemptuous courage, and behind all a vague notion that by this delay he was accumulating his power and adding to the Carmichaels' sufferings—all these combined to influence him to his resolve. And no sooner had he settled his mind than his steps turned away from the village and the low-lying dunes, towards the valley in which Sir George Everett's house lay; for there was some dim thought in his head that drew him to see Dorothy Holt, and yet he could not have said in what point she was associated with his latest purpose.

The night had fallen when he reached the house, and he received an amiable welcome from Sir George and his ward. The former was full of news from town, and not a little engaged and embarrassed by what related to himself. There was talk in London of the great army which Bonaparte had gathered on the shores of the Channel, and 'twas whispered that its camp fires could be seen from the coast of Kent, gleaming o' nights like glowworms on a hill-side.

"You would leave Marlock, sir?" inquired Warburton.

"I must think; I must consider," said Sir George, and broke off, frowning, his eyes upon the younger man's face. "What is that, Mr. Warburton? Faith! not dirt? You haven't befouled yourself. 'Tis a bruise, surely. Who has mishandled you? You have come through the wars?"

Warburton instinctively put his hand to his neck, where the edge of a red and narrow cut peeped from beneath his dress.

"'Tis a wound," said Sir George.

Dorothy Holt's face shone upon him expectantly, her lips parted with eager curiosity; and he met her gaze.

"'Tis nothing," he answered, slowly—"a scratch, sir, an accidental scratch."

"It has the look of purpose," said Sir George, laughing; "but I know you to be no firebrand. But come; we left you upon the island yesterday. When did you leave? An excellent gentleman is Sir Stephen—a handsome family, too, but black, too black."

Warburton made no reply, and the baronet left the room by an unexpected movement. At once the girl took a step to Warburton.

"You have something to tell me?" she asked, eagerly, yet appealingly.

Warburton did not speak for a moment, and then, "No, madam, I have not," he said, simply.

"You have been wounded," she said, softly. "I knew it was that. How dreadful! Those terrible people! Tell me, what did they do with you? What have you done with them?"

Warburton showed nothing of his impatience upon his features nor in his voice. "I assure you, madam," he said, "that 'twas an accident—a foolish accident. Nothing has happened, and the Carmichaels, for all I know, still inhabit their island. I am not come here to speak to you of the Carmichaels," he said, imperatively; "it will do no good to chatter about them. What has been has been, and what shall be shall be."

"What!" she cried, in angry amaze, "will you not go forward? Have you surrendered? Is the duty to fall upon me alone?"

"Cease, cease, child," he answered, sharply; "there is a time for all things, and I am here for something further."

"What is that?" she asked, cowed by his manner.

He fixed his clear and merciless gaze upon her. "This air does not agree with you, I think, madam," he observed, coldly; "you take no good from these seacoasts. You were better away."

She raised her arms in angry petulance. "La! would you treat me like a child? 'Tis the second time you have done this. You attempted to keep me from Marlock, and now you would send me away. Perchance you would work through my guardian again?" she ended, sneering.

"'Twas what was in my mind," observed Warburton, coolly.

"Ah," she answered, laughingly, "I have my duty here; I have what occupies my life."

He looked at her again with wonder, for he was puzzled by her changes and her irreconcilable emotions. Of one thing he was certain—that he did not like her, handsome as she was; and below all an unpleasant suspicion rose and grew that he was being deceived and played upon. The idea bewildered him and made him disagreeably angry, so that he spoke rudely.

"Then you must do your own work," said he; "I will be no party to it."

She turned white. "Indeed," she said, her voice tremulous with fury as she held herself against the mantel—"indeed, you are soon and easily converted, and 'tis clear by what parson."

"You shall hold your tongue, silly," he interrupted.

"I will not, I will not," she cried, hysterically. "I have been played with and browbeaten enough. You are no less than a bully, sir. Oh! 'tis plain what has diverted you, and I would think shame of it. 'Tis those flying petticoats," she said, laughing in her anger; "'twas a fine picture—indeed!"

"Hold your tongue," he thundered, and she saw him for the first time hot with passion. He trembled—and she whimpered.

"Madam," said he, after a pause and very quietly, "I have no command over you, nor any authority to stay or direct your actions. Speak on, therefore, and pray excuse me that I interposed so roughly. But you shall not speak it out to me, if you speak it to any," and turning with a bow, he made quickly for the door. But ere he could reach it she was between it and him, with a new beseeching look.

"Forgive me," she begged; "I am beside myself. You are most generous and kind. I would not bring upon me your just anger."

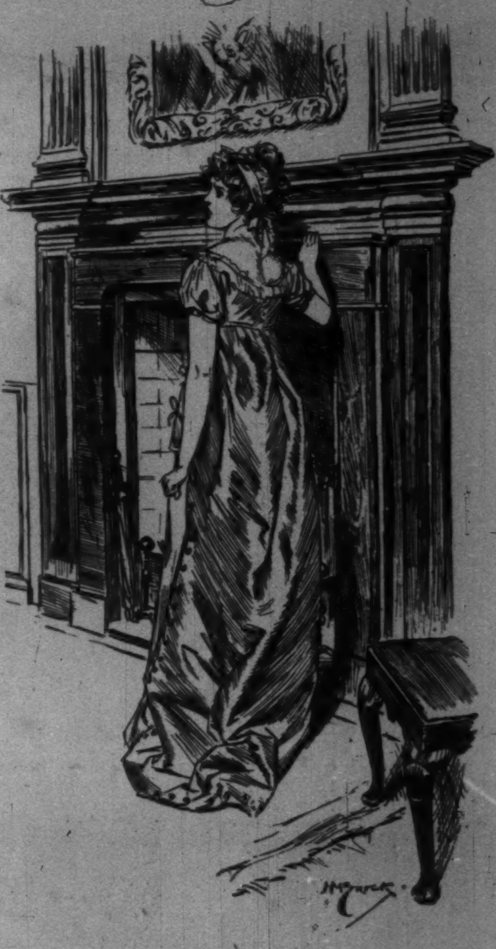
"Nay, Miss Holt," he said, "I have nothing to forgive; you have a rash tongue that bolts like a madcap mare, but I bear you no ill will. 'Tis the privilege of your sex."

He bowed again and went forth; and the eyes of Dorothy Holt followed him, sparkling and flashing. She bit her lips and frowned in the impotence of her rage and her humiliation.

But Warburton walked down the lane under the influence of no less anger. As he crossed the sand hills towards Marlock he was aware of a mutter of sound in the waste about him—a mutter in that dead, still night. Immediately upon that he staggered, recovered himself from the blow, and was grappling his assailant with his iron hands.

The man was tall and sinewy, but he swung like a rod in the wind under Warburton's arms and labored in his throat.

"Strike, strike!" he said, in his French tongue; and thus acquainted with the news of another enemy, Warburton lifted the foreigner with a huge sweep of his arms and flung him with a crack upon the ground. He rolled over sharply, ceased, and lay still, and there was silence upon the dunes, save for the dull noise of feet that ran into the distance. Warburton stooped for his assailant, who moved not, his head thrust horribly aside, at dreadful ease, his neck snapped like a twig.



DOROTHY'S EYES FLASHED.

"Dead," said he, and coolly pulled for his watch from the fob, examining it under the faint stars; for he knew it was that the knife had struck and sent him reeling. "Eleven o'clock," said he; "it stopped then. I will remember it against the Carmichaels. 'Tis an hour that shall mean much for them, for so shall the hands remain until I have done with 'em."

He left the body where it lay, and leisurely resumed his journey to the "Three Feathers." Here he drank a nightcap and sat in thought, until, taken by a new idea, he rose and tried the door of the inn. It was closed and barred.

"Good," said he to himself; "yet, if I know them, they will not give up on this attempt. This house is not safe for me, yet it shall be safe to-night." So saying, he went up stairs, and found the room in which he had heard that Tremayne the innkeeper slept. Pushing the door open, he entered, holding his candle above his head, and Tremayne, who was in bed, started up in a terror.

"Sir—sir," he stammered, "is it anything you want, sir?"

"Yes," said Warburton, bluntly, throwing the flare upon the wretched man. "You are to come with me."

Too deeply shaken by his fears to dispute this imperious order, Tremayne put on his clothes, and presently was being conducted about the house.

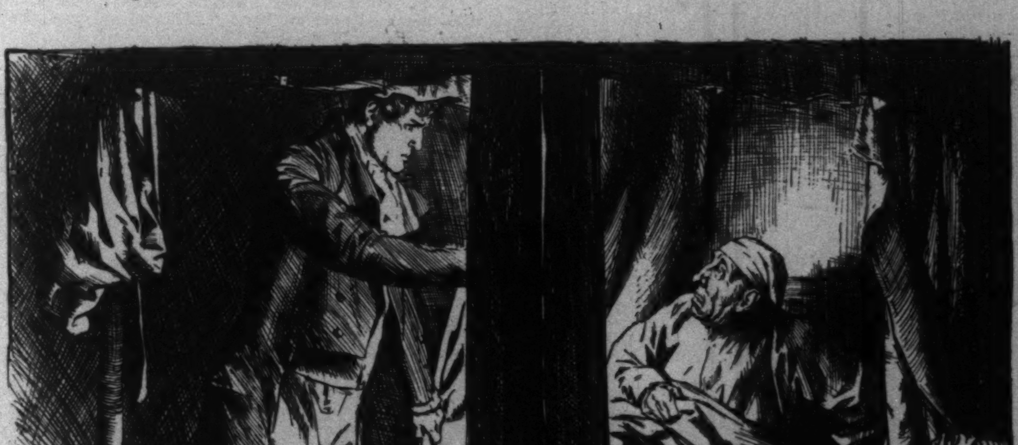
"Bar all the doors and the windows," commanded Warburton, "and see you bar them well. I will not have you a piece with that murderous rabble that seeks my death."

"You do not believe that, sir?" stammered the innkeeper, pale as a corpse. "You surely don't think that of me! I swear to God that I am ignorant—"

"Pish! take not God's name on your coward's lips," interrupted the other, contemptuously. "I declare, I would sooner respect Nicholas Carmichael than this craven!"

"Sir, if Mr. Carmichael has any design against you, I know nothing of it," protested the poor creature. "I keep to my business, and—"

"That is what I desire you to do, and will see that



WARBURTON AWOKE THE INNKEEPER.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2259.

you do," said Warburton, slowly. "I will not have spies upon me. You carry news of me to Lynsea. I know you for a go-between, and I tell you this, Mr. Tremayne, that your neck is in peril. It needs only that I give the word and the noose is tightened."

"For God's sake, sir—" began the innkeeper, and was silenced by a gesture.

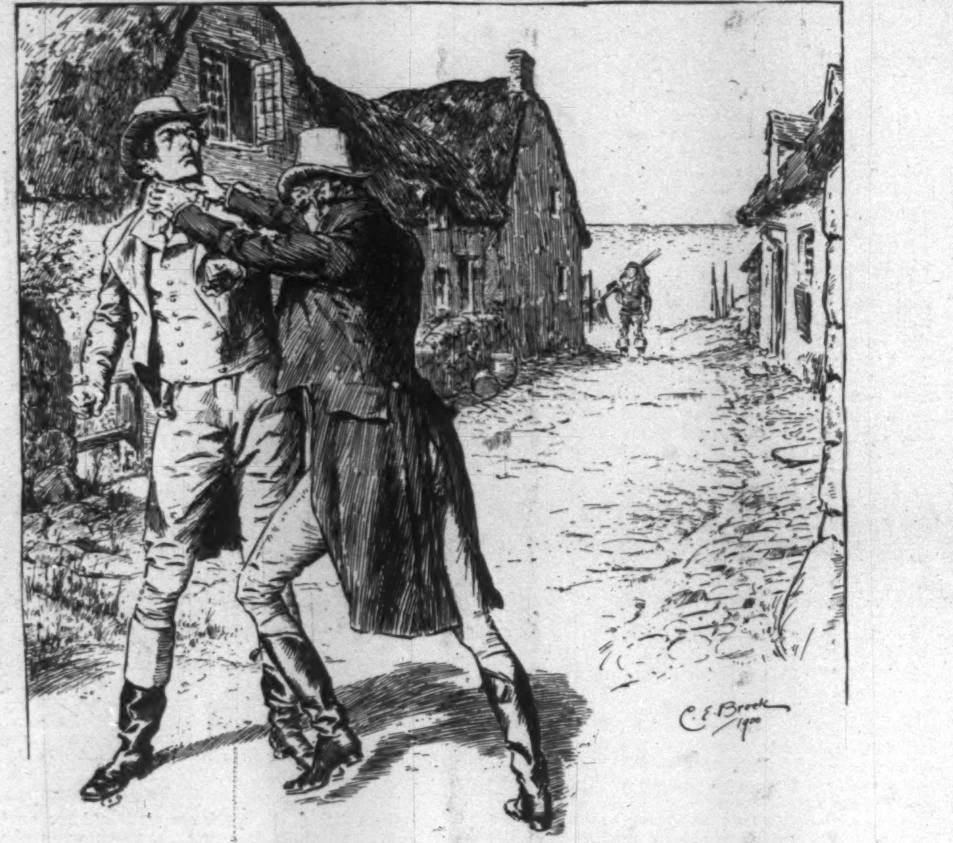
"Give me the keys," demanded Warburton. He took the jangling bunch, and "Now you shall sleep with what spirit you may," he added, and marching the man back into his room, closed and locked the door behind him. Then he went to bed and slept untroubled.

CHAPTER XV

PHILIP TALKS

THE affair of the French assassin could not be long kept secret, nor was Warburton the man to favor secrecy. On the contrary, he was resolved to give information, which he laid the next day before a magistrate, and which included a brief and ready account of his adventure. There was naturally no suspicion cast upon his story, nor did any one suppose for a moment that he held some news in reserve, namely, the cause and origin of this attempt upon him.

Whether the news of the Frenchman's death had reached Lynsea he was not aware; but certainly one of the Carmichaels was not keeping vigil, nor even displaying any uneasiness as to the future. On his return to the inn Warburton discovered Philip engaged in the very agreeable office of drinking hard with that hard drinker Lieutenant Gellibrand.



HE SPRANG AT HIM SUDDENLY.

"I see, sir, you have made the Carmichaels' acquaintance already," he said, with an ironical intention.

"True, Mr. Warburton, you see us together like a pair of coöing doves," said Gellibrand, gayly.

"Aye," said Philip, with an impudent wink at Warburton, "and drinking of good stuff too."

"That is right," said Gellibrand, heartily. "Fill your glass, Mr. Warburton. 'Tis good stuff indeed, though you hinted at strange sources yesterday. But what care I?"

"I have been promising the Lieutenant a happy holiday," said Philip. "He is here to hunt the free-traders, as you know, sir. Well, I have assured him of a fight. He wants a fight," said Philip, wagging his head foolishly, "and, by God, he shall get it!"

"'Twill be enlivening in this dull place," said Gellibrand, complacently. "I ask your pardon, gentlemen, but there cannot be more like you. I shall do myself the pleasure to call upon Sir Stephen to-morrow—to-morrow at the very latest," said he. "It may be that between you you can set me on a scent for these fellows, damn 'em!"

"We will do that, Mr. Warburton—eh?" laughed Philip. "Gad! Lieutenant, you shall have your stomach full of swords and pistols, which shall give you the ache there. Perish me, this is a wild and fearless coast, and none here fears a King's man."

"Unless it be our host," said Warburton. "But I think you are too hot, Mr. Carmichael. You speak too bravely of these smugglers. They are, I doubt not, a savage people, but they may be banded and broken very readily. It is to get at 'em that's the trouble."

"Aye, they say there's no traitors among the free-traders," he went on. "To find 'em out's the difficulty. And if any one had the knowledge of their secrets, it is said that it would go hard with him. Damme! I believe they would not hesitate about him."

"That is what I have heard," said Warburton, "and I believe my gossip. But even, Lieutenant, you are mightily concerned in this coast now. I will show you a sight that should interest you, and Mr. Carmichael too, though he is no stranger."

He rose, and Gellibrand also rose, protesting that it was early to break up a pleasant company; yet both followed him eventually, and passing down the village, came to a house that stood on the margin of the sands.

"I have here a surprise for you, sirs, and a puzzle," said Warburton, with his hand on the door, and he flung it open, disclosing a dead body stretched upon a table. Gellibrand stood in bewilderment, but Philip Carmichael started, fell back, and then approached to gaze into the foreign features.

"How came this here?" he asked, presently, with a look of suspicion at Warburton.

"Why he was picked up dead," said he.

"'Tis a Johnny Crap," put in Gellibrand.

"What! is't a Frenchman?" asked Warburton.

"Aye, for sure," said Gellibrand, confidently.

"Well," said Warburton, looking at Carmichael, "'tis a puzzle indeed how comes this fellow here in Marlock. What do you make of it?"

"Make of it! By God, 'tis plain as a pistol!" broke out the Lieutenant. "He is one of the gang of which we spoke. We are close on the scent."

"Put your nose to it; put your nose to it," said Philip, laughing tipsily.

"I need no reminder, sir," answered Gellibrand, scornfully. "I am here to do my duty, and I will do it, drunk or sober." He stopped in his scrutiny of the corpse with an exclamation and an oath. "Why, the man's neck is broken."

"An ugly death," commented Warburton, indifferently.

"A fall from a cliff," said Philip, prodding him.

"Maybe, maybe. Yet such a man as this might have been chosen for an instrument by those free-traders. You can easily see he is a foreign thief. The body was found in the dunes, and 'twas I that killed him."

"You?" said Gellibrand.

"Why not?" said he, coolly.

"Were you attacked by this man?"

Warburton nodded.

"Last night?" pursued Philip.

Again the other nodded. "At the hour of eleven," he said, shortly.

Philip shrugged his shoulders and went out by the door, but in the village street he was overtaken by Warburton.

"Mr. Carmichael, as we are met this way, it would be foolish in us to part without speaking plainer. You guessed my meaning yonder?"

"You threatened us Carmichaels," said Philip.

"There are too many threats in the air," said Warburton, calmly. "I am threatening nobody. But you have enemies, and this accident will make Gellibrand one of them. You cannot afford to provoke more."

"I do not see what the devil it has to do with you, sir," said Philip, angrily.

"You are a nest of traitors—you Carmichaels," said Warburton, with a sneer. "I have documents to prove it."

Philip Carmichael stared in sincere amazement, and swiftly Warburton realized his innocence. "I had thought you knew," he went on. "This Lynsea of yours harbors Bonaparte's powder and masks his preparations."

"It is a lie," said Philip.

Warburton shrugged his shoulders. "Faith! man, I have a letter from Bonaparte to your father in my pocket."

Philip sprang at him suddenly, laying his hands about Warburton's neck. The other threw him off.

"Would you throttle me, lubber?" he said. "No, you shall not have it. Must I break you as I did the Frenchman?"

"Before God I know nothing about it," he said.

Warburton experienced a sensation of pity for him, but only asked, curiously: "Does this news affect you? How are you involved, if you are ignorant? You are a smuggler, but no more."

Philip flamed forth at him. "Damn you! keep your tongue quiet. They who ply words for their weapons are in danger to have steel from others."

"True," said Warburton, nodding towards the house in which the Frenchman lay.

Philip Carmichael suddenly broke into a laugh. "You have chosen a queer office," he said. "I wish you joy of it. It suits your insensate blood, egad! You may go to the devil your own way. I go mine."

He swaggered off with an arrogant carriage, his handsome face flushed and reckless, and strolled down the road towards the sea.

A pretty apparition rose unexpectedly in his path, and he came to a pause in the middle of his lilt.

"Miss Holt, I declare!" he said, gallantly saluting, while his face lighted up. "I protest, Miss Holt, that the sun has broken out of a sudden."

"La! I hope not," she said, laughing. "'Tis close as it is, and uncommon sultry."

"Stop me, Miss Holt, but the sight of you makes me drop into town manners and mincing voices. I have a difficulty with my words, 'pon honor."

This was true enough, as Dorothy Holt saw at a glance, yet she was by no means offended; 'twas the habit to drink deeply, and, moreover, there was a better chance to set this reckless fellow talking when he carried so much.

"'Tis you that belong to towns and courts, Mr. Carmichael," she said, bridling. "You have a way. La! what keeps you to this empty spot?"

"I am kept here in chains, madam," said Philip, endeavoring to bring his legs together for a ceremonious bow. "I'll not speak of the divinity, but, gad! I feel her; she draws me like the moon the sea tides."

"Then you had better persuade her to go to town, so that you may be drawn thither also," said Dorothy.

"Madam," said he, gravely, "will you go to town?"

"No, indeed," she answered, tossing her head. "But I am dependent on my guardian, who abominates London. He is enamoured of your lovely island."

"You shall come again; you shall come again," exclaimed Philip, grandly.

"Indeed, may I? La! you are kind. It is handsome of you to put up with a helpless girl. But I will ask Sir George, and he will make a party with Mr. Warburton, and we will take you by surprise."

"Perish me, it must not be Warburton," said Philip, frowning.

"Not Mr. Warburton?" she echoed, as if in amazement. "Why, I supposed him a friend to you. He was on the island that day, and we left him there."

Philip's frown grew to a scowl. "Damme! he is a lubber. He interferes when he has no right. He is no friend of mine, not he. He is too deuced righteous. I have a quarrel with him."

"La, not a quarrel!" she said, opening her eyes. "I pray you, don't quarrel. There is none worth it, not even a woman."

"This is no woman," said Philip, fixing his admiring gaze on her. "Yet I can think of a woman to fight over. But, Lord! I don't know why we should fight. He is too stiff. I think he is a fool."

"Heavens! you relieve me," said she, with a sensational sigh. "I feared 'twas on my affairs you quarrelled."

"I would it had been," said Philip, inflamed by this coquettish approach. "He would ha' died to-morrow—that I swear."

"Well, if 'twas not on me, on whom did you quarrel?" asked the girl, tossing her face saucily.

"Gad! did I not say 'twas on woman," said Philip, with his bold eyes on her. "If 'twas not you, 'twas none, madam. I swear it."

"Indeed, but I doubt you," she murmured.

"Pish! 'twas nothing save that he threatened."

"Threatened!" she said. "Indeed, that is strange for any one to threaten a Carmichael. I had heard different of you, sir," and she languished at him.

"Gad, madam, so you have, and you are right. They who threaten the Carmichaels carry their lives insecurely. But this Mr. Warburton must have a care. He supposes he has the whip-hand because he has run his nose into a secret. He would take upon himself the office of government and spy at once. Well, we shall see. We shall lop his nose off, and what value will his letter have then?"

"Letter?" said the girl, swiftly, and Philip Carmichael's stupefied wits were dimly alarmed by her change of voice.

"What letter?" he asked, vacantly. "I said nothing of a letter, madam. We shall lop his nose, I promise him. I dislike the man's meddling. He has no concern with what does not concern him."

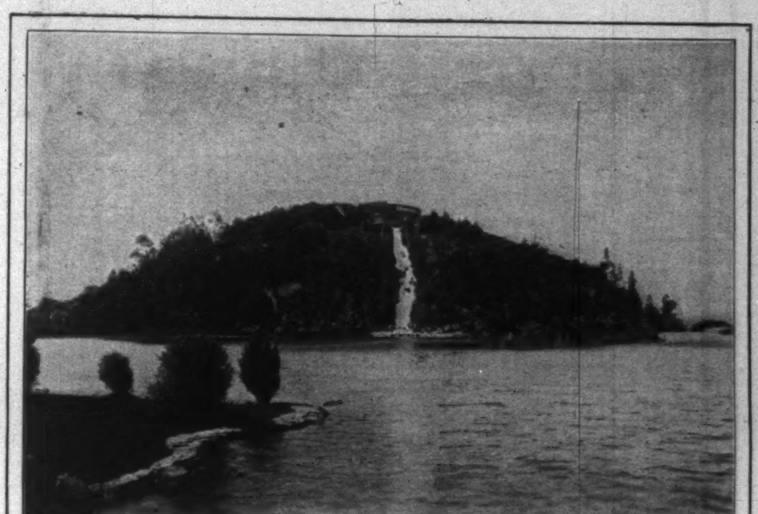
"Indeed, Mr. Carmichael, I assure you that you do him wrong," said Dorothy, pleadingly. "I cannot believe that Mr. Warburton would presume upon another. He is a gentleman, sir, of much esteem and good family, and I do believe his heart is sound and honest."

Philip stood grinning at her. "I would you stood my advocate, egad!" he said, admiringly.

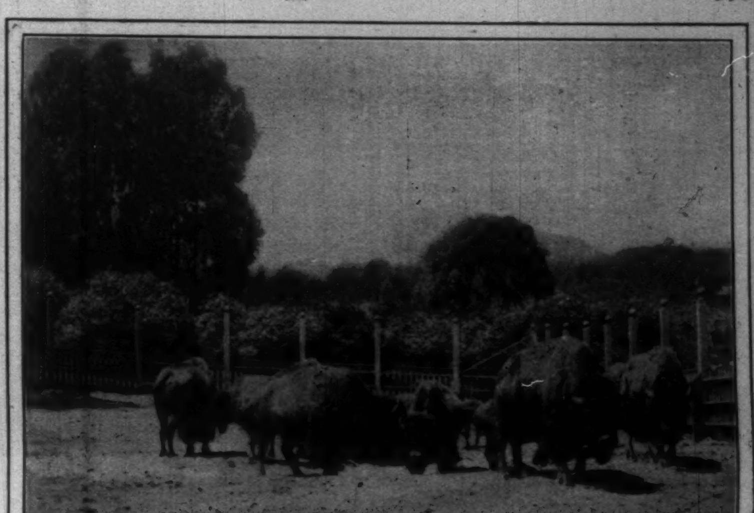
"Indeed," she said, flushing, with her lids downcast, "I do not wish any one misinterpreted in this poor world. But I am late, and Sir George will be stamping. Adieu, Mr. Carmichael," and with a sweet and pitiful smile she bowed to the young man and passed on through the village.

Philip Carmichael continued his leisurely walk to the beach, then to pick up a boat for Lynsea; but Dorothy Holt went inland with quicker steps and a heightened pulse. Every fibre of her sensitive flesh pricked with a vicious desire for vengeance. She believed she had a sacred duty laid upon her, and her worldly sentimental cunning head had conceived a plan to accomplish this.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

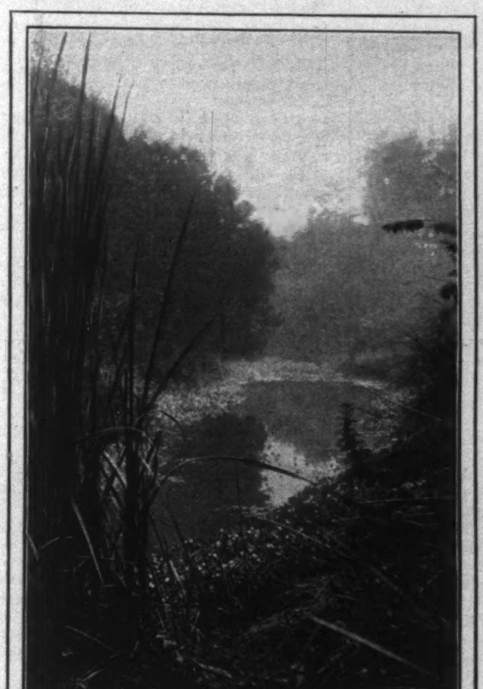


STRAWBERRY HILL, WITH OBSERVATORY AND WATERFALL.

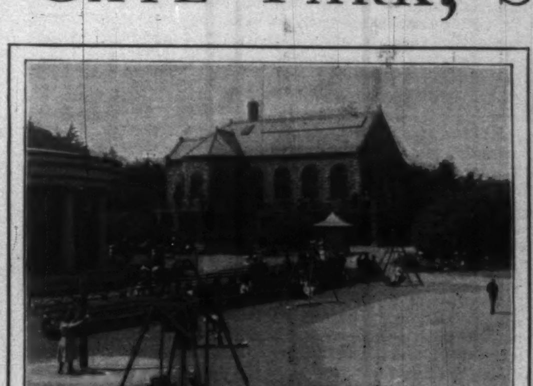


IN THE BUFFALO PADDOCK.

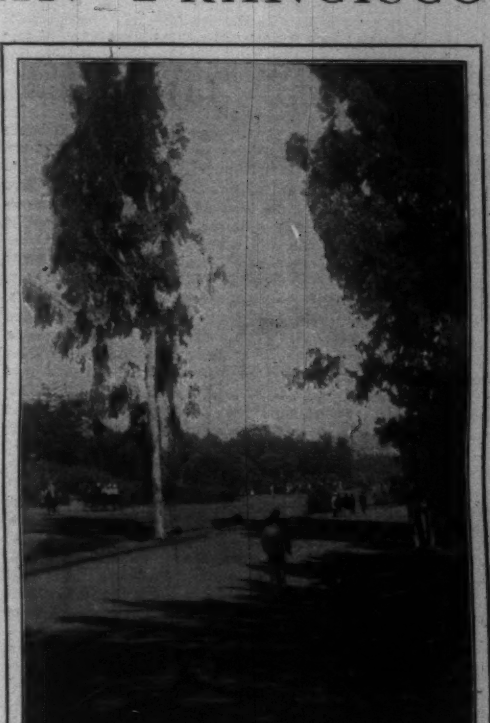
THE GOLDEN GATE PARK, SAN FRANCISCO



THE CHAIN OF LAKES.



THE CHILDREN'S PLAY-GROUND.



THE CYCLE PATH.

IN natural beauty Golden Gate Park perhaps surpasses any other large city park in this country, as it certainly excels all others in the picturesqueness of its surroundings. On two sides the outlook is upon the western end of San Francisco (built upon more hills than Rome), and upon the bay and mountains beyond; on another side one looks out upon sand dunes gleaming white under a brilliant sun or gray as ashes under a cloudy sky; on the fourth side one catches glimpses of the long line of foam of the great rollers of the Pacific that thunder upon the beach only two miles away. The park is unique in its rounded hills, which are simply the old, wind-shaped sand dunes covered with vegetation and trees; unique also in its gnarled live-oaks of fantastic form, in its semi-tropical trees and shrubs which flourish luxuriantly in the mild air, and in its museum, which contains an invaluable collection of articles which represent that pioneer life in the Far West now fast melting into the mist of tradition. The park is also unique because of its perennial green; the grass-plots are as pleasing to the eye in December as in June, and the winter roses are as fresh and as fragrant as those of midsummer.

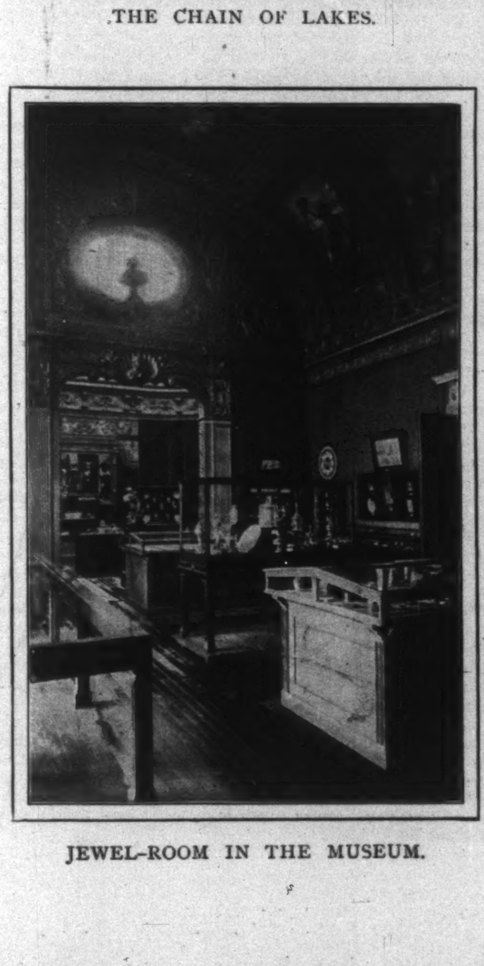
The park comprises 1043 acres; it is a half-mile wide and three miles long—a perfect rectangle which ends at the ocean beach. The entrance is through what is known as a panhandle, 275 feet wide and 3834 feet long. In the near future this panhandle will be extended to the City Hall and will form a splendid driveway to the people's pleasure-ground.

The most striking feature of the park is Strawberry Hill, crowned by a miniature colosseum, which serves as an observatory. From this one may obtain a fine general view of the park and of the surrounding country. Encircling the hill is a chain of artificial lakes which present a series of beautiful views because of the luxuriance of vegetation along the shores. C. P. Huntington gave $25,000 to construct these lakes and the artificial waterfall that leaps from the top of the hill in a series of plunges to the lake below.

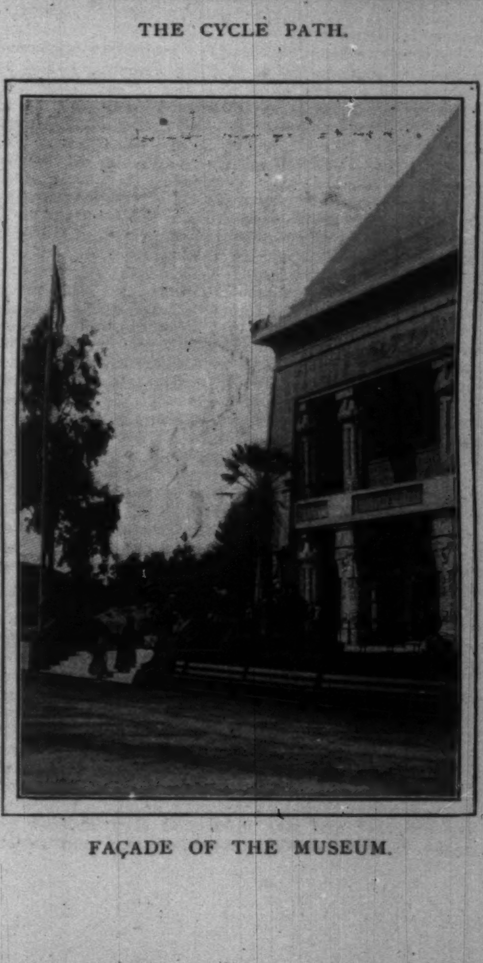
The children's play-ground, given by the late Senator Sharon, is one of the most attractive spots in the park. There is a large building for refreshments, and a play-room for stormy weather, surrounded by merry-go-rounds, swings, donkeys, and goats.

The park museum is the only permanent reminder of the California Midwinter Fair of 1894. It is of Egyptian architecture, built of cream-colored stone, and already contains the nucleus of a fine collection in many departments. M. H. de Young, the director-general of the fair, has given much attention to the purchase of curiosities for the museum, and its Colonial, Oriental, and Egyptian rooms are already noteworthy.

Near the museum is the Japanese Garden, laid out by Orientals. The entrance is through a fine wooden gateway made without nails. Among its features are ponds stocked with goldfish, tiny waterfalls, dwarf trees, storks, and a tea-house in which tea and cakes are served by Japanese women dressed in the national manner.



JEWEL-ROOM IN THE MUSEUM.



FAÇADE OF THE MUSEUM.

ONE OF THE GATES OF PEKING.

THE TSUNG-LI-YAMEN, PEKING.

The Boxers

BY ISAAC TAYLOR HEADLAND

PROFESSOR IN PEKING UNIVERSITY

THE present condition of affairs in China is the logical outcome of conditions which began more than a year ago. The provinces of Shantung and Honan have always been the centre not only of learning and of great men (Confucius and Mencius having been born there), but also of secret societies, and consequently of such uprisings as that which is at present disturbing China, and especially Peking.

The society called Boxers originated many years ago and is of a twofold or perhaps a manifold character. It is partly athletic, and partly moral and religious. As an athletic association it goes under the name of the Big Knife Society (Ta Tao Hui), and as a moral or religious society under the name of Righteousness and Peace Fist. It is organized for the most part in the rural and village districts, and, it is said by the officials, is for the mutual help and protection of the country people—help in times of famine, and protection from their enemies, and in case of necessity against oppression of avaricious officials.

During the governorship of Yü Hsien there was constant trouble arising from thieves and robbers, who were made such by the famine caused by the annual overflow of the Yellow River. This society was organized in its present form with the consent and protection of the Governor, and, it is said, with his own son as a member. The Governor gave them swords and constituted them a sort of rural police, who were to protect the people against the famine brigands.

About three years ago the Roman Catholic priests, through the influence of the French minister, were given official rank corresponding to that of the various Chinese officials—Viceroy, Governor, Taotai, etc.—and it was made obligatory upon the Chinese officials, when appointed to a new or leaving an old post, to call upon or send his card to the bishop or priest, while at the same time it put into the hands of the clergy no small power when they met an official, especially in cases of litigation.

The Roman Catholic Christians were often oppressed by non-Christian members of their community, and as a result the Church appointed two of her priests to attend to no other duties except the investigation of evidence in cases of litigation, and the conduct of such cases as they thought unjust before the official. The fact that they had official rank, and the other very important fact that they were foreigners, both added to their power, and they were thus able to meet the official not only on his own ground, but with the additional power of understanding foreign law. The Christians were therefore enabled to obtain justice.

But it is supposed by the Chinese that they sometimes obtained more than justice, and that the priest was more than a match for the official, and sometimes obtained a decision in favor of his clients when the decision should have been against them; however that may be, both officials and people began to develop a secret hatred for the foreigners and the Christians. It must not be hastily concluded that the priests were wrong and the Chinese right, nor at the same time is there warrant for concluding that the Chinese were wrong and the priests always right. The right and wrong of it, it is not our intention to discuss, but only to account for the present condition of affairs. For proof that this is the true explanation of the present situation we need only examine the attitude of ex-Governor Yü, the conduct of his successor Yüan, and various expressions in the Edicts issued by the Empress Dowager some four months ago, in which she mentioned the difficulties which were constantly occurring between her Christian and non-Christian subjects, and advised that they be settled in accordance with right and justice.

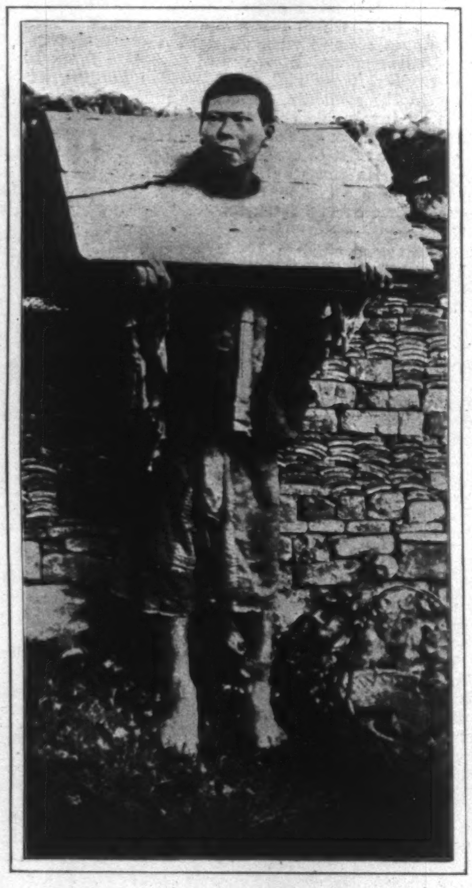
About one year ago the Society of Boxers transformed themselves from keepers of the peace to a band of marauders, robbing, murdering, pillaging, and looting all the Christian villages in Shantung. They made no distinction between Catholics and Protestants. When they came to a village they sought out the Christians, and made it their first business to discover whether they had property or not. Where one had property and was influential they at first contented themselves with compelling the man to buy them off—that is, promising him protection in case he gave them a certain amount of silver, which in some cases amounted to one hundred, one hundred and fifty, or two hundred ounces. Where they were poor they compelled them to give whatever they had, and in case of refusal they threatened to tear their houses down, leaving them shivering in the cold. The Roman Catholics were armed against them, and their churches were turned into forts or arsenals, and in one case at least a regular pitched battle occurred.

Under these conditions the officials were applied to again and again by the missionaries, but they gave little encouragement and no help. Among these applicants were the friends of the Rev. Mr. Brooks, who was so brutally murdered on his way from one mission station to another.

When this matter was brought to the attention of the British Legation, Mr. Campbell was sent to investigate the matter. He understands and speaks the Chinese language perfectly, and conducted his investigation in a masterly way, not only discovering the criminals, but bringing them to punishment, and he insisted upon the punishment being carried out in his presence. Nor did he rest satisfied with the punishment of the criminals, but the village elders were properly dealt with for failing to protect a traveller while passing through their villages.

The following is the sentence which was carried into effect on the dates attached: March 16, 1900, Meng Kuang-Wen—beheaded. March 23, Wu Fang-Ch'eng—strangled. Wu Chin-Ming—imprisoned for life. Li T'ung-Kuan—ten years' imprisonment. (He has died in prison.) P'ang Yen-Mu—two years' banishment.

The head men of the following four villages, Fei-cheng, Chang Chia-tien, Hsia-chingtzu, Mao-chia-p'u, each, were condemned to receive 200 blows, which was carried out on three of them in Mr. Campbell's presence, the fourth having died before the time of his punishment arrived, and the three were dismissed never to be employed again.



A BOXER, CAUGHT AND COLLARED.

Two of these villages were compelled to raise five hundred taels to defray the expense of a memorial tablet which is to be erected on the scene of the murder, and will be an eternal disgrace to the villages.

The Chinese authorities were compelled to pay 7500 taels for the erection of a memorial chapel, and in addition to this give two acres of land on which to build the chapel. And they have given 1500 taels for a memorial in Canterbury College, the place where Mr. Brooks obtained his education.

The magistrate of the district in which the murder took place has been handed over to the Board of Punishments for adjudication of a penalty.

From the time of the appointment of General Yüan to the office of Governor of Shantung, there has been a general feeling among the foreigners that the military officials have been ready to suppress the movement wherever it has been arising, but the difficulty has been to secure the co-operation of the local officials.

Early last year Prince Tuan, the father of the heir-apparent, and one of the most warlike of all the Princes of the Imperial House, raised a corps of not less than 12,500 Manchus from twenty to thirty-five years of age as a special body-guard of the Empress Dowager. These he called the Glorified Tiger's Corps, and it is reported on the authority of one of General Nieh's officers that not less than one-third of this company joined the ranks of the Boxers, and established a branch association in the suburbs of Peking. This would readily account for the proximity and strength of the Boxers in the vicinity of Peking at the present time.

The present excitement has arisen in this country, from all we can judge from the telegrams, not because the conditions in China are worse than they have been during the past several months, but because of two reasons: First, because the Boxers are nearer Peking than they were before; and second, and the more important of the two perhaps, because the *Times* correspondent has returned to Peking and is now sending out his sensational telegrams.

There is, we think, no reason to fear for the safety of the foreigners in Peking or in any other part of China. It is not the intention of the Boxers to murder the foreigners nor to destroy their property, else they could have done so long before this. The murder of Mr. Brooks was a mistake on the part of those who committed it, and did not receive the sanction of the body as a whole, and it will not be duplicated unless under peculiar and exceptional circumstances. I myself was in Peking during the whole period of the Chinese-Japanese war, and I know the sentiment of the officials, even the conservative ones, concerning the protection of foreigners. Even the most conservative officials understand the power of foreign governments, the strength of their war-ships, and the daring of their soldiers, and they do not wish to come in contact with them at the present time. It is always true that they would rid themselves of all foreigners if they were able to do so, but they know they are not able. And this is not any more true of one class than of another. They look upon the business men as cunning and avaricious, the government officials as powerful and domineering, and the missionaries as harmless and troublesome, and if they could build a wall which would keep them all out they would do so.

When I say this is a general sentiment I mean the sentiment of the party now in power—the Conservative party. There is a large and powerful party of educated young men, who have travelled and know the conditions of other governments and the benefits of intercourse, who, if they come into power, will bring about a reformation in China such as would astonish the nations of the world—a party which would do for China and for the world a thousand times more than could be done by dividing China up among the avaricious, suspicious, and jealous powers of Europe. If the United States, Great Britain, and Japan, the three powers which can best afford to do so, had taken Lord Beresford's advice and had said or will say that China shall not be divided, but must advance, they would have done more for the progress of the world than they have done by the two wars with Spain and South Africa.

The outcome of the present situation it is difficult to predict. When a half-dozen dogs want a bone that is not easily divided they are much more in danger of quarrelling with each other than of getting the bone, and I, for one, would consider it a less calamity that the European powers should quarrel than that China should be divided.

THIS BUSY WORLD

BY E. S. MARTIN

MISS IDA M. TARBELL'S new biography of Abraham Lincoln gives very welcome information about various matters which have long stood in need of elucidation. Herndon has heretofore been a leading authority on Lincoln's origin and early history, and there is a good deal in Herndon's book which, while interesting if true, is rather painful reading, and can well be spared if disproved. The long and careful search for information, the results of which Miss Tarbell has recorded, seems to have brought out all the important facts about Lincoln's father and mother, and modified or demolished some unwelcome tales, both about them and about Lincoln himself. Thomas Lincoln's origin had been clearly traced before, but that of Nancy Hanks was much harder to follow. That seems now to have been successfully traced. She was descended from an immigrant who came to Plymouth, Massachusetts, in 1699. Nancy's father and mother moved from Virginia to Kentucky in 1789. The father died in 1793, and Nancy, the youngest child, went to live with her mother's sister, Mrs. Lucy Shipley Berry. Still another sister, Mary, was the mother of Thomas Lincoln, who was thus his wife's first cousin. Nancy and Thomas Lincoln were married June 10, 1806, and the record of their marriage is in existence. Their first child, a girl, was born in Elizabethtown, Kentucky. Their second child, Abraham, was born in Hardin County, Kentucky, February 12, 1809. Nancy Lincoln died in 1818.

❧

THESE records set at rest various fanciful tales about Lincoln's origin. His father, Thomas, was left fatherless at the age of ten, and grew up with little education. Thomas was undoubtedly poor all his life, and moved often, even for a pioneer, but his shiftlessness has probably been exaggerated.

Miss Tarbell's book upsets the story told on hearsay by Herndon that Lincoln failed to appear at the time first set for his marriage with Mary Todd. Herndon narrates that all the preparations for the wedding had been completed, and the guests were in the house, but that the bridegroom did not come. Miss Tarbell's version of this tale is that Lincoln fell into a state of melancholy, and that his first engagement to Mary Todd was broken off, but she contradicts and disproves satisfactorily the story of the wedding that lacked a bridegroom. Matters seem not to have gone so far as that. Presently, when Lincoln's health was restored, the engagement was resumed and they were married.

❧

BOERS who may be left over from the South-African war seem to be in good demand. The Boer peace envoys have said that if their countrymen were finally beaten, large numbers of them would probably emigrate to the United States. Applications have been made for them by various parts of the South, and the land-agent of the Union Pacific Railroad for Colorado is said to be working hard to get President Kruger and a large company of his subjects to settle on the two million acres of land which the railroad owns in that State. If President Kruger sent as much gold out of Pretoria as the correspondents allege, it seems probable that when he comes here to live he will settle somewhere on the upper part of Fifth Avenue, but we shall know better about that in good time. The theory that any considerable number of Boers will come here conflicts with the opinion expressed by influential friends of the Boers that if defeated in this war they will presently start another, and that meanwhile they will stay at home and hate the British.

❧

THE world's greatest figure just now is Lord Roberts, and the world is very much to be congratulated on having a leading figure of such exemplary and satisfying quality. He seems to be altogether admirable, good to look at, simple, gentle, modest, and superlatively competent. Julian Ralph, who still seems able to make a pen go, however shaky his legs may be, finds in Roberts the one feature of the war that it does him good to write about. He lauds him in the *Daily Mail* with fluent and spontaneous enthusiasm, and betrays that affectionate respect which the Field-Marshal seems to inspire in every one. Lord Roberts seems to have all the virtues. He is unaffectedly pious; he is temperate, of course, and, unlike Grant, he doesn't smoke tobacco. The newspapers are discussing what his reward will be when he finishes his work and comes home. One opinion is that he is much too poor to be a duke, and that Parliament will not venture to vote him money enough to support the dignity of that rank, but that he will be made an earl and given a hundred thousand pounds and the blue ribbon of the Garter. No British general since Wellington has been made a Knight of the Garter. That honor constitutes a degree of greatness too sublime, ordinarily, to be achieved except by supreme discrimination in being born. About twenty first-chop British peers and five members of the royal family are Knights of the Garter, all the other members being kings.

❧

THERE has been a fine, healthy rumpus over the nomination of Mr. John R. Hazel, of Buffalo, to be United States District Judge for western New York. The nomination was satisfactory to Senator Platt, and acceptable to Senator Depew, but many other citizens took exception to it and pronounced it unsuitable. The objection made was that Mr. Hazel, though a lawyer, practised politics much more sedulously than law, and had not enough legal experience to qualify him to be a Federal judge. This view was taken by the Bar Association of New York, which protested before a subcommittee of the Senate Judiciary Committee against the confirmation of the appointment. The Bar Association of Rochester tried on two successive days to make up its mind whether Mr. Hazel would make a good judge, but could not arrive at any conclusion.

During the war with Spain, while we were trying to save New York from bombardment by Spanish fleets, a Buffalo man named Conners hired Mr. Hazel to sell his yacht, the *Enquirer*, to the government. Mr. Hazel put zeal and ability into the work, sold the boat for $80,000, and received $5000 for his trouble. It is insisted that he got for the yacht more than double what she was worth, and there being some ground for that opinion, many persons have felt and said that it was a pity to waste on the bench business abilities of so rare an order.

There is nothing else against Mr. Hazel. Except for the prevalence of the opinion that he is better at selling yachts than at pleading cases, and more at home in caucuses and primaries than in courts, there would have been little or no objection to his being made a judge.

❧

A FAMOUS old man, Dr. Edwards A. Park, died at Andover, Massachusetts, on June 4. He was ninety-one years old. He graduated from Brown University in 1826, and from the Andover Theological Seminary in 1831. Five years later, in 1836, he became a professor in the Andover Seminary. There he continued in active service for forty-five years, and in 1881, when he retired, he became professor emeritus, so that his connection with the seminary lasted sixty-four years. Grace abounded in him, and he had a great gift of serene discourse. Thirty years ago, when this present paragrapher went to school at Andover, Dr. Park was already a venerable figure, and looked out on the world through darkened spectacles. But apparently he saw all there was, whether his gaze turned in or out.

❧

THE doctors disagree with learned assurances about the food value of alcohol. Professor Atwater lately demonstrated as the result of very careful scientific experiments that it was not necessarily a poison, but in reasonable quantities served as a food which was duly oxidized and used up in the body. Now Dr. John Madden, of the Milwaukee Medical College, writes in the *Independent* to the effect that though it is true that alcohol in small quantities is oxidized in the body, it does not supply heat and energy as other foods do. He talks wisely about proteids, carbohydrates, and hydrocarbons (which, it seems, are the three kinds of food), and doubts if alcohol is either of them. He will not admit that it is a carbohydrate, as is supposed, because its combustion is so different from that of the other carbohydrates. He denies, too, that it is antiseptic, and, indeed, seems painfully sceptical about nearly every virtue that is claimed for it.

Considering the long-standing affinity between alcohol and the inside of man, it seems surprising that their relations to one another are not more fully understood. So far as concerns the practical use of alcohol as a drink the astute layman who has observed and reflected and experimented a little on his own account seems just as likely to form sound conclusions as the doctors are. He does not expect alcohol to do him any good, except in certain rare emergencies. The most he asks of it is that it shall not do him harm, and he thinks it won't if he is careful enough in his use of it. It affords him some enjoyment. That is of course the secret of alcohol's prodigious popularity, that it affords enjoyment. The problem is to get out of it a reasonable, moderate amount of enjoyment without paying too high a price for it. It can be done, and is done all the time by hundreds of thousands of persons, but it is a matter for experts, and so many experimenters who attempt it make a mess of it that it is not surprising that an influential part of the community not only itself abandons the attempt, but insists that all the rest of us should do the same.

❧

ST. LOUIS, always loath to be outdone by Chicago, has had on her hands a more violent, if not more serious, labor war than that in Chicago, to which allusion was made in the WEEKLY last week. At this writing she is in the throes of a street-car strike, which has been going on for a month past. The fight, like that in Chicago, is to determine the extent of the labor unions' powers. The striking employees of the St. Louis Transit Company demand that all conductors, motormen, and gripmen employed by the company shall be members of the union; that any employee whose union suspends him shall also be suspended by the railroad company without pay until the union reinstates him, and that a man holding an office in the union which withdraws him from the company's service for not more than a year shall get back his job with the company when his term of office expires. The gist of these demands seems to be that the company shall turn over the control of its employees to the union. The company's reluctance to do so is natural and not unreasonable. The fight has grown more bitter and disorderly as it has progressed. Up to June 1, four persons had been killed and forty persons wounded with fire-arms, and twice as many injured in other ways. Dynamite has been used to blow up tracks, and rioting by sympathizers of the strikers has been fairly continuous. A week ago the strike was estimated to have cost St. Louis $20,000,000. The efforts of the Transit Company to protect its property with armed guards had given dissatisfaction, when on June 1 the sheriff summoned a posse of 2500 citizens to assist the police in keeping order. It is to be hoped that with the assistance of these gentlemen some settlement of the dispute will presently be reached without further grave disturbances of the public peace. The rioters in several instances have seized women who were riding in the transit company's cars, stripped them, and chased them through the streets, pelting them with stones. If there are not available men enough in St. Louis to stop that sort of exercise, manhood must be at a low ebb there.

❧

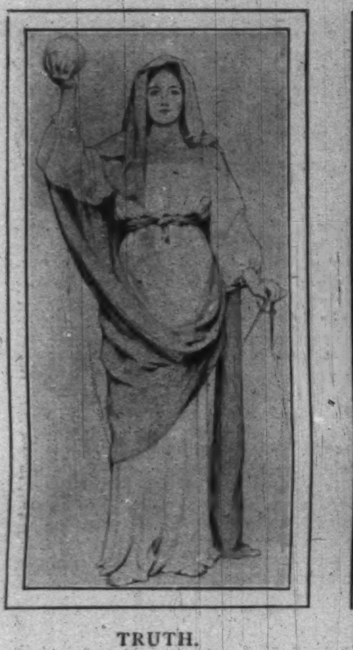
IN a better way than as the scene of a great strike St. Louis has suddenly become the rival of Chicago. She has a university—Washington University—which has been in existence for forty-seven years, and is already in good standing as an institution of learning. On May 29 two citizens of St. Louis, Robert S. Brookings and Samuel S. Cupples, transferred to it property which the newspapers tell us is valued at five million dollars, and will yield an annual income of $500,000. This sudden and prodigious endowment would seem adapted to put Washington University into the same class as Mr. Rockefeller's affluent university in Chicago. The property transferred is a shipping station, or private railway terminus, in St. Louis, covering six blocks. The transfer was hastened by the illness of Mr. Cupples, who at last accounts was not expected to live. He and Mr. Brookings are rich men of St. Louis, whose appreciation of educational advantages was quickened, as so often happens with American millionaires, by dearth of them in their own youth. The propensity of American millionaires to provide higher education for the rising generation is one of the most admired of American characteristics.

❧

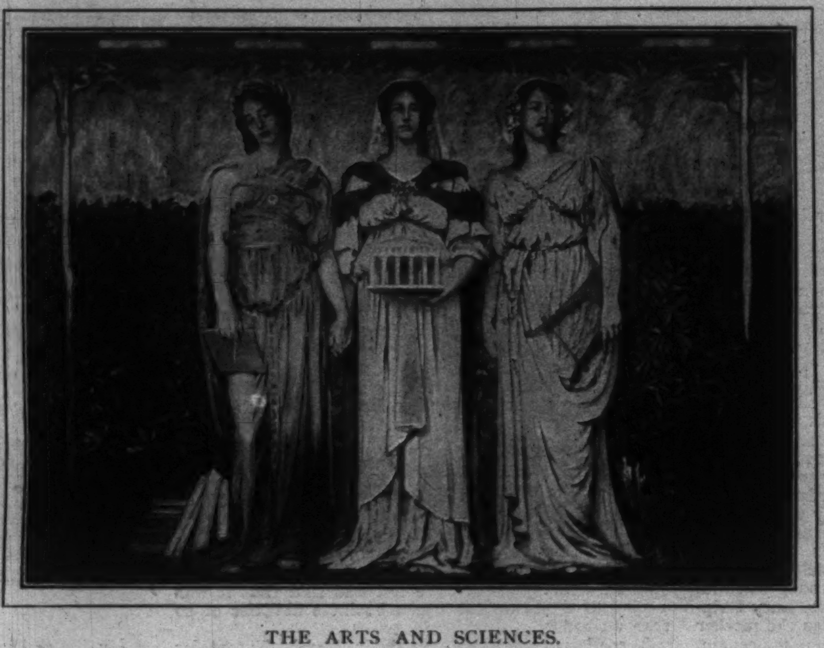
ONCE in a while vaccination goes wrong and some one dies of a disease which is apparently a consequence of it. The newspapers tell the story, and the anti-vaccinationists express their horror, and warn us all not to admit poison into our blood, and we take due note of their exhortations. When the other side of the story comes out we ought not to fail to take due note of that too. Let us remark, therefore, that the deaths of Mr. C. C. Steiner, an artist of note, and his wife, which happened last month in Jalapa, Mexico, seem to have been due to Mr. Steiner's aversion to vaccination. Mr. Steiner went from New York to Mexico to do certain decorations for the Mexican government in the palace of Chapultepec. He did them acceptably, and undertook other work. His labors took him to parts of Mexico in which small-pox is always more or less prevalent, but the newspapers say he scoffed at vaccination and declined its protection. He was taken with small-pox, and died on May 7. His wife died twenty days later, not of small-pox, but of what we are used to call a broken heart.

❧

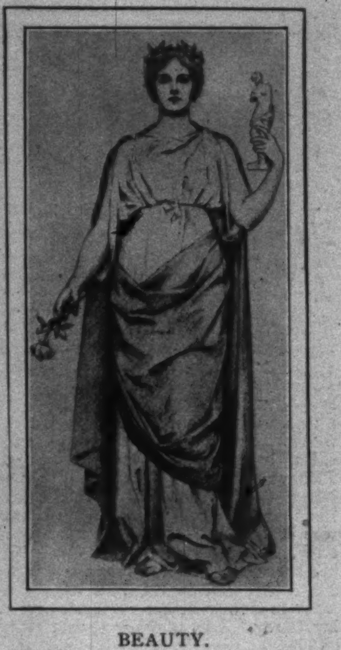
A GREAT career in the ministry ended on June 5, when Dr. Richard Salter Storrs died. His pastorate in the Church of the Pilgrims in Brooklyn began in June, 1846, and lasted until last November, when he resigned his charge because of failing health and became pastor emeritus. He was a clergyman by birth, his great-grandfather, two grandfathers, and his father, the Rev. R. S. Storrs, of Braintree, Massachusetts, being of that calling. He was born in 1821. After he graduated from Amherst (1839) he tried to break away from the family traditions, and studied law for a time in the office of Rufus Choate, but he soon relapsed, went to the Theological Seminary at Andover, was graduated in 1845, and came to Brooklyn the following year, being then twenty-five years old. There is no town where successful Congregational clergymen succeed more conspicuously than in Brooklyn, and no clergyman, not even Mr. Beecher, has made a more notable record in Brooklyn than Dr. Storrs. He was able, learned, dignified, and diligent, and he loved his calling and had rare faith in the ability of his fellows to sit under discourse. After Mr. Beecher's death he became the orator upon whom Brooklyn called on great occasions. In that capacity, as well as in others, he served his fellow-citizens very acceptably, so that when the fiftieth anniversary of his pastorate was celebrated four years ago it took a week for the town to give due expression to its feelings about him. He helped to start the *Independent* in 1848, and was one of its editors until 1861. In 1887 he succeeded Mark Hopkins as president of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and held that distinguished office until about three years ago. His church was devoted to him, and when in the time of Mr. Beecher's sore trials Dr. Storrs held somewhat aloof from him, the Church of the Pilgrims shared his feelings, and a coolness ensued between that church and Plymouth Church, which was long a sorrow to Brooklyn. Only last March was the distressing breach finally healed.



TRUTH.



THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.



BEAUTY.

A GREAT DECORATION IN MOSAIC.

Two years ago Cornell University lost, in the death of Henry William Sage, one of its greatest benefactors. He had been associated with the university for many years, being one of its senior trustees at the time of his death. Through his unceasing watchfulness and open-handed liberality he had earned the title so fittingly given him by President Schurman at the memorial services—"The second founder of Cornell."

It was the desire of the trustees to worthily recognize the university's obligations to this man, and to erect in some permanent form an appropriate memorial to his honor. It was decided to do this by practically rebuilding the chapel, and in its revised form to arrange for an apse in which Mr. Sage and his wife were to be interred. This entire treatment of the apse was to be such as to make it the special memorial portion of the enlarged building.

The chapel was a plain cruciform structure. It has been enlarged by adding a second bay to each transept and a semi-octagonal apse at the rear, which restores the cruciform shape. The arches supporting the double-gabled roof are all carried upon two pillars, one on either side of the nave. When the construction of the building was nearing completion, Mr. C. R. Lamb, of New York, was called into consultation in regard to the interior enrichment, and to his suggestion is due the symbolic arrangement of the decoration. His idea was to symbolize the cause of "Education," to which Mr. Sage had been devoted.

The apse, with groined ceilings and large Eastern window, is practically divided into three parts—the lower wall and floor, the central stone wall, pierced by the window openings, and the curved ceiling, which fills the spaces between the large supporting roof timbers, forming a semi-dome, octagonal in plan.

The idea of Education is symbolized in the decorative treatment of the wall. The groups of three figures each in the larger compartments represent the arts and sciences, and are the work of Mrs. Ella Condie Lamb. Both the groupings and the individual figures are effective. There also are in this division of the design four large and very striking single figures by Chester Loomis. Two of these, "Young Manhood" and "Young Womanhood"—splendid types—represent coeducation, in promoting which Cornell was a pioneer among universities. The other single figures are "Truth" and "Beauty." GUSTAV KOBBE.

Some Recollections of the Boer Leaders

BY MONTAGU WHITE

SUPPOSE a stranger landing in New York for the first time were to proceed to the slums of that city, and were to reside exclusively amongst the lowest sections of the population. Suppose, after a stay of six months, he were to return to Europe and write a description of the American people, characterizing as average types those people with whom he had associated in the slums. It would be no greater libel upon the citizens of the United States than the repulsive anecdotes and reports which have been current in the different magazines and newspapers about the character, habits, and conditions of life of the South-African Dutch.

The Boers, like everybody else, are subject to the law of variation of type. There are tall Boers and short Boers, though the latter are rare; educated Boers and some who are still unlettered, though I myself have never met one who has not been able to read or write. The general charge of their being a dirty race is quite untrue. There are Boers who carry cleanliness to the point of absolute discomfort. I remember one place where one could not enter the house without finding the passages filled with the contents of a room that was being cleaned out. The floors were always being wiped or oiled, and the mistress of the house was such a martyr to cleanliness that she reduced her guests to a state of positive discomfort.

Many Boers refuse to allow native servants to prepare their food, which is generally done by the housewife, the Kafirs being used principally for the rougher scullery-work. The first time I ever staid at a real Boer's house was when I was about seventeen years of age. I was stationed at that time in a Karroo village, and I had been invited to a farm in the mountains where there were sweet-water springs. We started after breakfast one Saturday morning in January. It was intensely and scorchingly hot, and we had a ride of some twenty miles before us. The horses were soon overcome by the heat, and it was impossible to get them to break into more than an amble, so that we took about four and one-half hours over a journey which usually occupied three hours. The hills in the distance all seemed to shimmer and quiver in liquid heat, and everywhere little gusts of whirlwind were the only signs of motion, excepting the flies—we seemed to gather fresh consignments of these pests at every so-called outspan-place where wagons had halted. The scent of the mimosa-thorn, so delicious in the early morning, had become heavy and nauseating by noon, owing to the power of the sun. We reached our destination about one o'clock. I shall never forget the contrast between the burning fiery furnace outside and the coolness of the interior. My host was away from home. His wife, however, a stout, kindly matron, was sitting at her place beside a small table doing some needle-work. As is the custom of the country, she half rose and held out her hand, giving me a somewhat undemonstrative and lukewarm greeting. But I was not disturbed by this, for I knew that it was only habit, and did not mean any inhospitable feeling. We spoke about the heat and the weather, which is a topic discussed there as a prelude to more intimate conversation, just as in the politest society. The room had been darkened so as to keep the flies at bay, and there was a delightful smell of stocks, snapdragons, and other flowers arranged in a glass pot on the table. The room we entered was a sort of large hall, about twenty feet square, and was adorned by mural paintings of the Prodigal Son and other Scriptural scenes, crudely done by some travelling house-painter. They were the special pride of the whole family, and the house was renowned far and wide for these attempts at amateur frescoes.

The old lady said that we had come at a most inopportune time, as the weather was too hot to permit of their killing their own sheep, and they were dependent for meat on the return of her husband from the neighboring village. We had some excellent coffee, bread and butter, honey, and two or three different kinds of fruit.

After this light lunch, my friend, who was going on farther, left me, and I remained at this place till Monday morning. My room was beautifully clean, and on the return of the farmer and two of his daughters the house became much more animated. On the following day, Sunday, a few of the poorer neighbors, called Bywoners, or poor people residing rent free on a portion of the farm, came in to service. The old farmer read the Bible and prayed. Accustomed as I was to the Episcopalian form of worship, I found the long prayers somewhat tedious, especially as the door had been left open and the heat and the flies drove one to distraction. Those who attended the service, though very poor people, were neatly dressed, and the whole thing was conducted with the greatest reverence. In the afternoon the two daughters of the house, a young boy cousin, and I walked over to call upon some of the neighbors, one of whom was noted for having a good flower-garden. In the evening on our return we had a light dinner, and after some more prayers we went to bed, and I left at four o'clock the next morning, so as to avoid the heat of the day and to reach my destination before my office-work began. Everything was beautifully clean at this house and I enjoyed my quiet stay there thoroughly.

With regard to their food, many of the Dutch, being descendants from the Huguenots, have brought out French traditions, and they have also evolved their own form of cooking, which, to those who have been accustomed to it, appears the best in the world. It is rather too rich for any one who lives a sedentary life, but is a sort of harmony of Indian cooking with the French and German styles. The ordinary traveller through South Africa rightly holds the local efforts at cooking in contempt, and will very likely smile at my description, for I can imagine nothing more repellent than the food which is placed before one at most of the small country hotels and inns. Even at the big hotels there is a feeble imitation of French menus, where the dishes, though distinguished by different names and served up in different forms, taste as if they were cooked in the same pot or served with the same gravy. To enjoy the excellence of Cape food, it is necessary for one to stay with some of the older families about Cape Town, or to travel amongst the better-class farmers in the Transvaal and the Free State.

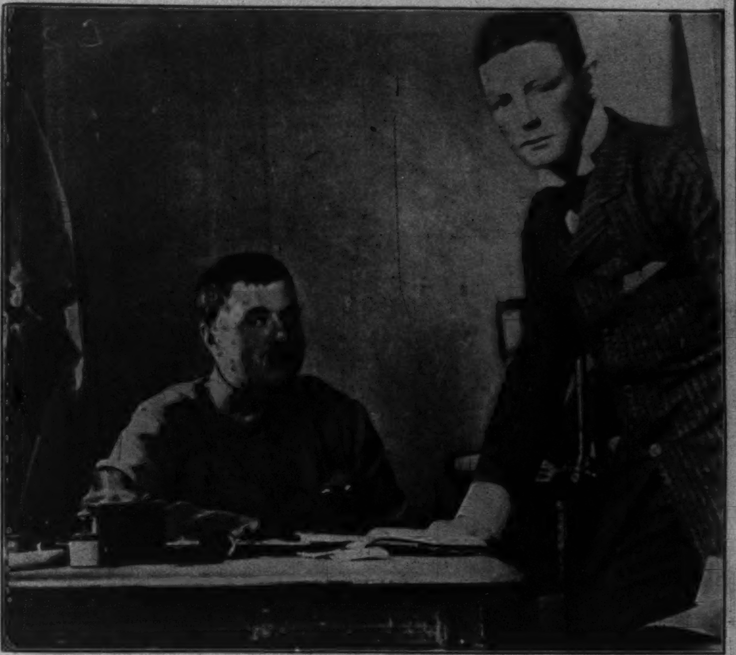
When I was in Pretoria I often dined with the late General Joubert, a change which I thoroughly appreciated after the varied monotony of hotel fare. During General Smit's lifetime I was always glad to take my meals at his house, and it would have been difficult to find better cooking or more wholesome food anywhere, and I always gladly accepted any invitation from him, his brother, the Commissioner of Railways, or any other of my Boer friends.

With regard to the Boers and education, I may say at once that the Dutch in South Africa are not cultured in the sense that is understood in Europe. They do not know much about Ruskin or Carlyle or Emerson, or any of the great English-speaking masters of prose and thought. But the better classes are all educated sufficiently well to read and write with ease, and to carry on the business connected with their farming pursuits. They have to think out the problems of life themselves, and one of the things that most forcibly strike any one who does not look at things superficially is the wonderful reasoning power possessed by such men as President Kruger, Mr. A. D. Wolmarans, and other leaders of the Boer party. They rely upon their experience, and as they have had to think out every situation for themselves, they are full of resources in times of emergency.

The progress of education has been wonderful in the Transvaal during the last ten years. When I first went to Pretoria, in 1887, Dutch was spoken everywhere except amongst the commercial and professional classes, the Boers with whom I was brought in contact and their children apparently not understanding English at all. During my recent visit in 1898 I was astonished at the progress which had been made by English, notwithstanding the alleged restrictions in schools. I went to two or three garden parties, given exclusively by Dutch people, where both English and Dutch were freely used. Young ladies like the Misses Eloffs, who are granddaughters of President Kruger, General Smit's daughters, and other young Dutch ladies, speak English with perfect ease. They dress as well as English and American ladies of quiet taste, and have assimilated most of the English habits and social manners, though this change has not in any way affected their patriotism. The young men of the Transvaal have, in like manner, become subject to the general law of progress. The President's grandnephew Mr. Piet Grobler, for instance, has worked himself up to a position of trust, and deserves every praise for his efforts to keep himself abreast of the times.

President Kruger is now seventy-five years of age. Though really a tall man, his present habit of stooping and his very broad shoulders detract from his height. Indeed, height is one of the characteristics of the Boers. Out of the two Volksraads (some fifty members) I can only recollect two members who were below the middle height, and one of these was an Englishman, and the other was said to be descended from an Englishman. The rest were men, some of them, like Lucas Meyer, a Boer general, very tall; the others were all about and over the middle height.

During my last visit one of the most conservative Boers of the Republic, a man of considerable influence,



LORD STANLEY, THE PRESS CENSOR FOR LORD ROBERTS'S COLUMN, AND WINSTON CHURCHILL, IN THE CENSOR'S OFFICE AT BLOEMFONTEIN.

Photograph by William Dinwiddie.

told me that he thought the time had come for a change in the Presidency. He said the President had been President for too long, and was getting too old, and he wanted either General Joubert or Schalk-Burger to be chosen, with a view to the introduction of changes in the administration. "But," he said, "I do not think either of them will be strong enough to stand up against Chamberlain, and as long as Chamberlain is Colonial Secretary in London, there is danger for the Transvaal, so that we must have a man like President Kruger, who will look Chamberlain full in his face, and withstand him in an undaunted way when the critical time comes, and," he added, "that is why I and all my family have used our personal influence to secure President Kruger's return."

The late General Joubert was, in some respects, quite a contrast to President Kruger. The general was one of the most approachable and genial of men. He was most kindly, and a visitor was at once struck by his great shrewdness in discussing the problems of the day. In his ideas of government he was credited with being more liberal than the President, as was borne out by his readiness to grant a two years' franchise to all who had the *bona fide* wish to become burghers. General Joubert taught himself English, which he spoke with considerable fluency. When in the vein he had great conversational powers.

Commandant Piet Cronje has won enduring fame by his gallant and heroic defence of Koodoosberg against overwhelming odds. His victory at Magersfontein, which for two months paralyzed General Methuen's numerically superior forces, has paled into insignificance before the marvellous fortitude and superhuman endurance which he displayed in keeping Lord Roberts at bay for nearly a fortnight, thus covering the retreat of the main body of the Boer army with the big guns. He has wrested a great moral victory from the bitterness of surrender, and if Lord Roberts is hailed as the victor, Piet Cronje will go down to posterity as the hero. I have met General Cronje two or three times, but I do not know him as well as the President or the other Boer leaders. He is not very tall, and is quiet and reserved in manner. Whenever I saw him he was dressed with scrupulous neatness. I take this opportunity of saying so because several descriptions of General Cronje have been attributed to me which, though reflecting great credit on the inventive genius of those who have written them, do not emanate from me.

Mr. Schalk-Burger, the new Vice-President, is also Commandant of Lydenburg. For some years he was the Progressive Volksraad member for Lydenburg, and was one of the best speakers in the Legislature.

The new Commandant-General, Louis Botha, was, until recently, member for Vryheid. He is a genial, well-educated, and very progressive man.

I feel that it would be inappropriate to close what I have said without saying a few words about Dr. Leyds, who for so long has been honorably identified with the interests of the Republic. To begin with, Dr. Leyds is a Hollander, who came to the Transvaal for the first time fifteen years ago, so that he is my senior in residence by a few months. It is one of the popular delusions in England that every so-called anti-British act, or any law which does not command the sympathy of the English, emanates from Dr. Leyds or is due to his baneful influence. Nothing could be more incorrect; but it is useless to correct these statements or upset this theory, for the British cling to it as tenaciously as the West-Africans to their fetiches, or as some Americans do to the theory that Great Britain lent the United States great assistance during the Spanish war two years ago.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

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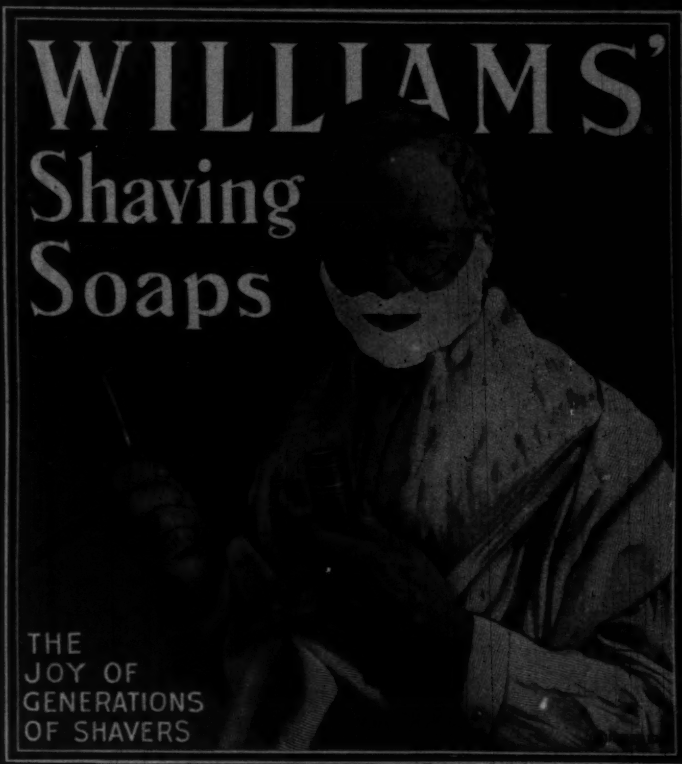

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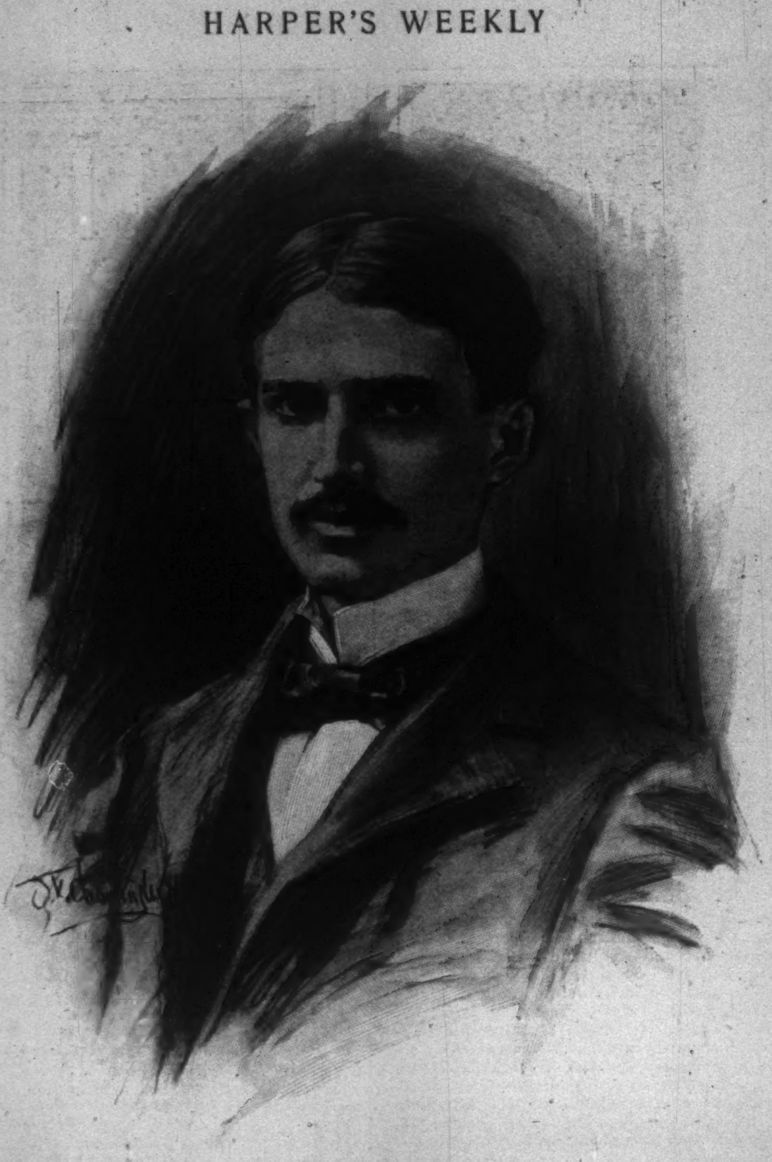
Stephen Crane

BY the death of Stephen Crane, on June 5, at the age of thirty years, a career of brilliant promise is abruptly ended. His second book—the first to attract general attention—has been before the public for less than five years, yet ten printed volumes already stand to his credit, while two other works are in course of serial publication, and yet another two are announced for publication in book form, one of the latter being a novel which will appear first serially.

This is an extraordinary record of literary productivity. To what extent it is a record of growth is another question. Literary force manifested itself in *The Red Badge of Courage* to such a degree as in scarcely any other book produced in America by an author so young. It cannot be said that greater power is disclosed in any of the eight books that followed it. The latest of these, *The Monster*—while it is strong in both matter and manner, is better than *The Red Badge* only by virtue of its greater reticence. The earlier book struck a note that sounded new in English literature. It expressed vividly the author's personality, and this did not find more vivid expression in his later work, though it is fair to assume that the years might still have brought, not greater strength, which was unnecessary, but, without any sacrifice of power, a certain breadth and mellowness.

To predict how long Mr. Crane will be remembered would be rash, for all prophecy is rash, and most of it futile. But so long as his name does last—and I do not think it will be soon forgotten—he will be known as the author of *The Red Badge of Courage*. This little book has had a fate doubly happy; for not only have those who liked it at all liked it immensely, but to those whom it fails to appeal potently it is *anathema maranatha*. It challenged criticism, and did not escape it. The *Saturday Review* gushed over it. The *Atlantic Monthly* pronounced it "great enough to set a new fashion in literature." The *Critic* carped at the author's *sui generic* grammar, but called his work a "little masterpiece." If there were voices less loud in praise or blame, they were drowned by the vociferations of the extremists.

The Red Badge was remarkable as the work of a civilian, and a very young one. The sensations of a raw recruit in battle were evolved, like the German professor's giraffe, from the author's inner consciousness. He did not pretend to describe the emotions of a cultivated officer like Lieutenant Hobson, calmly theorizing about bomb explosions while exposed to their effects, nor those of a less highly trained but intelligent young civilian, such as himself (and Mr. Crane is reported to have shown, as a correspondent, the utmost coolness on the battle-field), but those of a young country bumpkin, who volunteered during the civil war principally to see what war was like. "The youth" is a crude sort of creature, and the record of his impressions abounds with crudities. One of its chief peculiarities is the assumption that the now craven now courageous young man hears colors as well as sees them. To his morbid apprehension cheers are red, roars crimson, and curses not loud but black. These, however, are details; and albeit *The Red Badge* was not quite as novel a contribution to the literature of fighting as many took it to be, and as it would have been had Tolstoy never written *Sebastopol*, it was yet novel enough, and strong and striking enough, to merit the regard it received.



STEPHEN CRANE

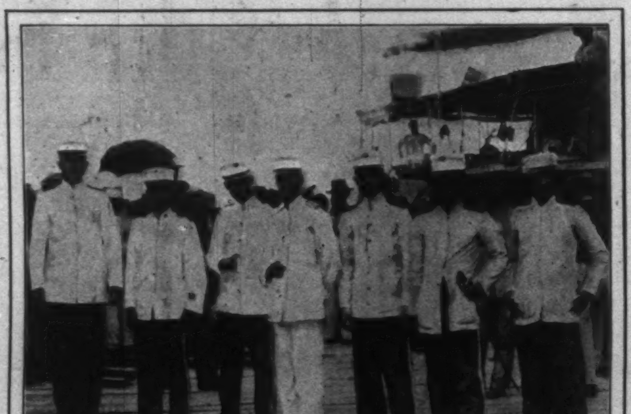
The tale of Mr. Crane's brief life may be told in few words. The son of a Methodist clergyman of old New England preaching and fighting stock, he was born at Newark, New Jersey, November 1, 1870. After desultory studying at Lafayette College and Syracuse University, he turned to journalism, and eked out a more or less meagre living as a writer of newspaper sketches, some of which appeared in the New York *Tribune*. In December, 1894, he offered some short stories to the Appletons, and when Mr. Hitchcock—the discoverer of *David Harum*—expressed a preference for long ones, he submitted *The Red Badge*, which he had written at the age of twenty-two, and published in a syndicate of newspapers. It was immediately accepted, but its appearance in book form was delayed until October, 1895, by the author's absence in Mexico. In the mean time certain "Lines" of his, "The Black Riders," and others, which, at a distance, looked like poetry, had been gathered up in a little volume and issued in Boston in May. And in the following year (June, 1896) his first story, *Maggie, a Girl of the Streets*, originally published in 1891 at the author's expense, and highly commended by Mr. Howells, was reissued by his new publishers. At the same time another house brought out *George's Mother*.

The Little Regiment took the field at the close of the year, and five months later *The Third Violet* threw its fragrance on the winds of May. The launching of *The Open Boat* occurred in April, 1898. This chronicled, in its opening story, the author's extra-hazardous experience after the foundering of a filibustering steamer on which he had sailed for Cuba just before the Spanish war (which he reported for a New York journal). *War is Kind*, a second collection of "Lines," *Active Service*, recording in the form of a novel his impressions of Greece as a correspondent at the time of the Græco-Turkish war of 1897, and *The Monster* (a powerful story, accompanied by two or three of slighter substance) were all products of the press of 1899. To *Lippincott's Magazine* he was contributing at the time of his death descriptions of the world's great battles; in *Harper's Monthly* were appearing his droll "Whilomville Stories" of boys; and a series of similar stories of girls had been promised to the editor of *Harper's Bazar*. The Stokes Company announces two posthumous volumes—*Wounds in the Rain* (stories of Cuba and the Spanish war), and a novel, *The O'Ruddy*.

It is not unnatural to suppose that this almost feverish activity of production had some share in the undermining of the author's health.

It may be as well to recollect that, cordial and prompt as was Stephen Crane's welcome by the critics of England, in which land he spent the last year or two of his life, his earliest recognition came from the press of his own country.

JOSEPH B. GILDER.



INSURGENT OFFICERS WHO SURRENDERED.

GENERAL GARCIA.

RAISING THE STARS AND STRIPES AT SURIGAO.

Taking Surigao

THE occupation of Surigao, a town on the north coast of Mindanao, by General Bates, disclosed a situation like none that the Americans have met since the outbreak of the insurrection. It was a surrender that was genuine, and has been followed by co-operation that has been effective and apparently genuine. This is more than was achieved in Negros for a long time. Prudencio Garcia, the "general" in command of the native forces at Surigao, is one of the best types of Filipino. He was twenty years in the service of the Spanish. They gave him a commission and he was faithful to it. When they withdrew from Mindanao he undertook the direction of affairs in his province. It is a large province with thirty-two towns besides Surigao. Very fine hemp is produced in large quantities. The people did not desire to join in the fight against the Americans. They wanted to go on with their usual pursuits.

Garcia raised a small force for the security of the province and to police it. He had few arms and they were of little value. His headquarters were at Baganga. In Surigao he had a Spaniard, Vasquez, in charge. The Malolos government sent a force under Colonel Gonzales to occupy Surigao and run things in the province. Garcia came up from Baganga, killed Gonzales, beat his troops and took their rifles. Then he organized a larger force for himself, made his headquarters at Surigao, and prepared to meet the attempt he knew would be made to avenge Gonzales. When it arrived in the shape of an expedition from Leyte, sent by Lukban, Garcia beat it and got some more rifles.

Then he appealed to General Otis for help. He was ready to turn the job of maintaining the peace in his province over to stronger hands. Otis, however, was unable to send troops to Surigao at that time. So Garcia hung on unassisted, and when Lukban sent another expedition to take the province he beat that. He was getting into a dangerous situation, though, and he sent another appeal to Otis for help. The Americans would not send troops to relieve him, but they blockaded his ports and kept rice from coming in for his people, so that sometimes he had hard work to convince some of them that we really were their friends. Moreover, if the fate should befall that the Americans left the islands, there would be the end of Garcia and all his family. He dressed his troops in the insurgent uniform, followed the insurgent plan of local government, and kept the insurgents out of his province.

Finally the Americans got ready to occupy his town, and he met them on the pier at Surigao and turned over everything he had. Then he gave a ball in honor of the new government. Part of his soldiers were enrolled immediately in a new police force, and now mounted men patrol the roads about the town. The town and province are peaceful and very busy.

Captain Kendricks has the best opportunity that has come to an American officer to show what can be done by American methods with one of these provinces.

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International Union of American Republics

WHEN the International American Conference closed its sessions in Washington in April, 1890, no provisions were made for the convocation of the members of this conference in future meetings. It is now proposed to hold during the early months of next year a second conference in one of the capitals of Central or South America. There are many questions of general interest and common benefit to the republics of America which were considered at this conference, but only partially settled, and others which have come into prominence during the last ten years. It therefore seemed wise that the various republics should be invited to hold a second conference. All the members of the union have signified through their diplomatic representatives their desire to participate, and the second conference is now assured. It will probably be held in the city of Mexico.

The programme of the first International American Conference was made so extensive as to embrace all subjects of interest to the American republics, in order to establish close relations, both commercial and political, and for the regulation of international customs.

It proposed the consideration of measures to preserve and promote the prosperity of the several American states; the formation of an American Customs Union; the establishment of regular and frequent communication between the ports of the several American states; the establishment of a uniform system of customs regulations; a uniform method of valuation of imported merchandise, and the subject of the sanitation of ships and quarantine; a uniform system of rates and measures and laws to protect the patent rights, copyrights, and trade-marks of citizens of either country in the others; the extradition of criminals; the adoption of a common silver coin to be issued by each government, and which should be legal tender in all commercial transactions between the citizens of the American states; the adoption of a plan of arbitration of all disputes and differences, to the end of averting wars.

The whole programme was considered and resolutions adopted with recommendations to the several countries for favorable action, but direct results were only attained in four respects, which, although limited in number, were of great importance—the Bureau of the American Republics, which serves as the organ of the union of these republics; the American Monetary Conference, which was held in Washington in 1891; the survey of an intercontinental railway; and the publication of a code of commercial nomenclature in three languages.

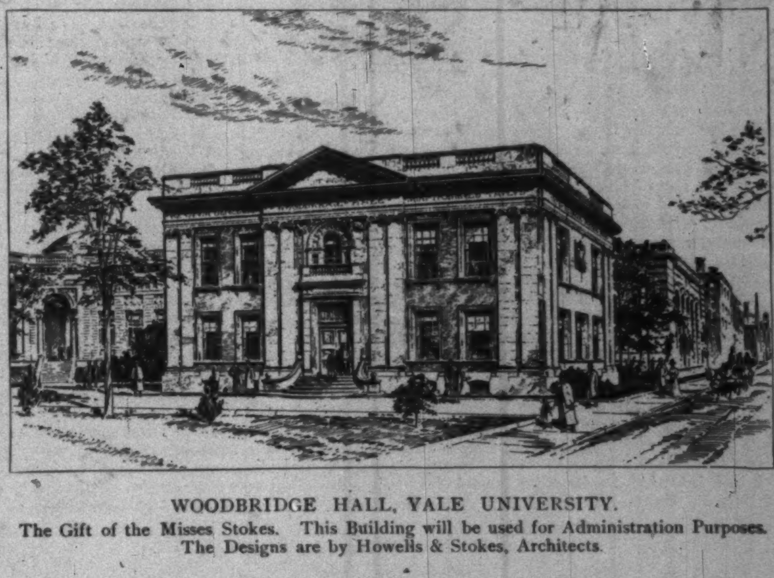
The programme of the coming conference was drawn up by the executive committee of the international union, which proposed the following:

(1.) Questions discussed by the former conference which the new conference may decide to consider. (2.) Arbitration. (3.) International Court of Claims. (4.) Measures for the protection of industry, agriculture, and commerce. Development of the means of communication between the countries composing the union. Consular, port, and customs regulations. Statistics. (5.) Reorganization of the International Bureau of American Republics.

In addition to this tentative programme each country shall have the right to propose for consideration any subject considered to be important, with the understanding that the action of the conference shall be confined to subjects from the consideration of which practical results may be realized. Each one of the countries which are members of the International Union will probably send two or three delegates, and each country will appropriate the necessary funds for the expenses of these delegates.

Among the subjects to be proposed for consideration, none seem to offer opportunity for serious differences of opinion, with the single exception of arbitration. The establishment of an International Court of Claims will meet with no opposition. A regularly organized court of this kind will result in reducing to a considerable extent the number of claims that are thrust upon the different foreign offices.

GEORGE WELTON FISHBACK.



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By August 20th last I had gone so far as to be unable to get my breath, except with difficulty—was very low. I thought I could not live much longer. Our old physician, Dr. T. W. Campbell, of Energy, S. C., examined my lungs, and told me the right one was very bad, and the left one but a trifle better, but that I had enough lungs left to live a good while yet if I would take plenty of **Duffy's Malt Whiskey**, and take it regularly. By this time I was willing to do anything for relief. So the dear old man, though he is not a whiskey doctor, ordered me to begin at once with two tablespoonfuls as a dose every two hours, day and night. I did so, and immediately began to improve, and now, six weeks from that time, I can breathe almost as well as I ever could, and Dr. C. says my lungs are healed except one dull place in the right lung, and that the cavities are contracting.

I do not know whether God is going to let me get well or not, but I humbly trust He will, and I believe that, under God, your **Whiskey** has saved my life thus far, and if I had begun a year ago I would have been cured by this time. Respectfully, MRS. H. E. RIDDLE, Zeno, S. C.

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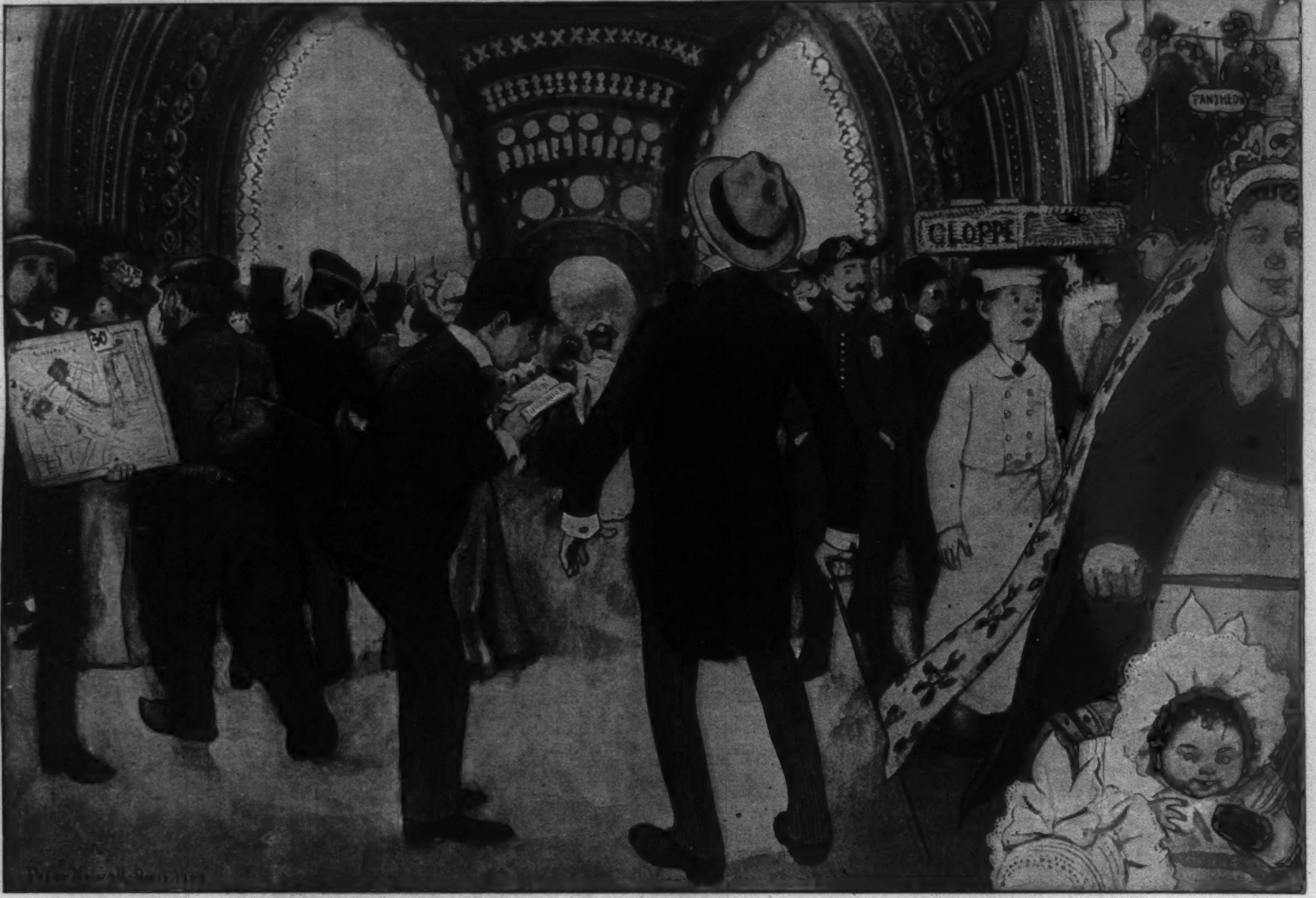

UNCLE JEFF PETTINGILL AT THE EXPOSITION. II.—DRAWN BY PETER NEWELL.

UNCLE JEFF. "What's that, Rafe?"
RAFE. "That's the Port Monumental—the Monumental Door of the Exposition."
UNCLE JEFF. "Ain't it magnificent! But say, Rafe, we'd better hunt up some gate to enter less expensive-lookin'. We don't want to be busted the first day!"

Watching a Total Eclipse

ONE of the greatest marvels of the recent eclipse of the sun was the fine weather that accompanied it and set it off to advantage. Astronomers have become so accustomed to disappointment in this respect that a murmur of astonishment and incredulity ran along the entire line of observing-stations, from Norfolk to New Orleans, when on the Sunday afternoon preceding the eclipse a telegram from Washington announced that there was not a cloud or a storm in sight from one end of the path of totality to the other. This was in itself sufficiently wonderful, but the additional assurance that no change would take place anywhere on the critical belt, fifty miles broad and a thousand miles long, within the next twenty-four hours, was too much for human belief.

A beautiful spectacle is enhanced by beautiful surroundings. These were present in abundance at the place where the present writer had the good fortune to station himself to view the eclipse—Newberry, in northwestern South Carolina, just where the rolling uplands that finally swell into the Appalachian range begin. The interest that the people of Newberry took in the proceedings of the visiting astronomers found expression in a Southern style of hospitality that neglected nothing and would be denied no opportunity to display itself. The town, with unanimous liberality, constituted itself the host of the occasion, and the visitors were not only guests, but they could hardly feel that they had ever been strangers. Within an hour after our arrival we were astonished to find that the people in the streets had already learned our names and knew us individually. Everything was open to us. We could drive across a cotton-field or invade a garden in the search for a suitable site for instruments, with the owner cheerfully leading the way. On the morning of the eclipse the engines of a large factory were voluntarily banked in order that no drifting smoke might cause a moment's annoyance to the observers.

In studying an eclipse of the sun there are other things besides the solar corona to be observed. From a spectacular point of view one of the most interesting of these is the onrush of the lunar shadow just as the eclipse is about to become total. This shadow, travelling more than a thousand miles an hour, comes from the westward, and in order to perceive its approach one must command a wide extent of country in that direction. A careful reconnaissance of the entire country within two miles around Newberry revealed no spot so suitable as the home of Newberry's postmaster, Mr. William Fair, situated on a slight eminence about a mile and a half northwest of the town, and called, with double appropriateness, Fair Place. Here we established our station.

No one who has not made a journey to see a total eclipse can understand the anxiety of the preceding days of waiting. There was an east wind when we arrived at Newberry. The next day the east wind continued, and the sky, morning and evening, was overcast. All the local weather seers said that an east wind meant a long spell of sour rainy weather, and meant nothing else. But we pinned our faith on the Agricultural Department and Uncle Sam. And we pinned it in the right place, for, Sunday morning opened bright, clear, blue, and hot.

The eclipse drew like a circus. The crowd began to arrive on Saturday. That evening Professors Abbé and Bigelow lectured in the Town Hall about weather, eclipses, and things, and were greeted by a packed house.

On Monday morning we were all out of bed by five o'clock, although the eclipse would not begin until after seven, and the total phase was not due until twenty minutes before eight. As we drove briskly out of the streets of the little town, splashed through an unbridged creek, and mounted the slope towards Fair Place, the whole rim of the horizon and the dome above formed one unbroken expanse of sapphire, with the rising sun blazing near its eastern edge. Nothing could beat us now!

The final preparations were made with feverish haste. Covers were removed from cameras and telescopes, adjustments were tested, dark glasses for watching the earlier stages of the eclipse were brought out, white sheets were stretched on the ground to render easier the observation of the flitting and somewhat mysterious shadow bands, photographic plate carriers were loaded—and amid it all the crowd began to arrive.

I had intended to devote my entire attention to simple watching and looking, but, for lack of some one else to do it, at the last moment I undertook to start a second-hand travelling at the beginning of totality, and to call out a warning ten seconds before the expected end. The official calculations from the National Almanac office promised us about ninety seconds of observation. The time during which some part of the lunar disk was projected against the sun was about two hours and a half, but of this only the minute and a half of total obscuration was of scientific importance.

The darkening of the atmosphere and the landscape became perceptible when about half of the sun was covered. From that time until the middle of the eclipse the solar light seemed to faint and sicken, and as the moment of totality drew near, the upturned faces of the people assumed a peculiar wan appearance, and the horizon darkened as on the approach of night.

Now was the time to keep a sharp outlook for the shadow bands and for the oncoming shadow itself. Considering the speed with which the latter moved, I had but a faint hope of being able to detect its approach. It would traverse the twenty miles of country between our station and the distant horizon in less than a second, so that the eye would have great difficulty in following it. As a matter of fact it escaped observation, and was upon us before we could glimpse its approach.

But the phenomena above the western horizon as totality approached were hardly less intimidating in appearance than the visible rush of the shadow would have been. At first, low along the sky-line, a purple-black curtain seemed to come into existence. This grew with ominous speed, expanding north and south, and sweeping up towards the zenith, until, in the rapid deepening of the obscurity, the eye became confused, and the details of the changes going on in the heavens were lost in an overwhelming feeling that the crisis was right upon us. Whirling on my heel, I glanced at the sun just as its last dazzling rim disappeared, and instantly the corona was in sight. Its appearance was greeted by the crowd of onlookers with a prolonged "Ah!" breaking into a half-uttered cheer.

The first glance revealed to every observer who had any knowledge of the appearances which the corona has exhibited in former eclipses its remarkable resemblance on this occasion to what may be called the minimum sun-spot type. Inasmuch as we are now at the minimum period of sun-spots, this had been expected, yet the fulfilment of the expectation was not the less notable. In truth, I was fairly startled by the likeness of those vast silvery wings, expanded one on each side of the hidden sun, to some of the pictures in the books. The inner corona, surrounding the black globe of the moon in the form of a ring, was very bright, almost dazzling, and the light was sufficient to render it perfectly easy for me to discern the marks around the rim of the dial of my watch. With the naked eye the polar rays, of supposed electro-magnetic origin, were visible above the poles of the concealed sun, but did not appear to me very conspicuous in the glare of the inner corona. The flames of the prominences appeared, especially on the western side, jagged in shape and reddish in color. The planet Mercury flashed into sight about two and a quarter degrees west of the sun, looking as bright as Jupiter. Venus glowed beautifully near the eastern horizon. Other stars were visible. The wings of the outer corona were shaped like swallows' tails, especially on the western side, and their boundaries were remarkably sharp and straight. A kind of rib or ray, brighter than the central portions, extended beyond the general limits of the ends of the wings on each side. One of these rays was directed nearly towards Mercury, and I could trace it about two-thirds of the way to that planet. Professor Sligh informed me that with a telescope he saw this ray extending beyond Mercury. Its absolute length was probably not less than 4,000,000 miles.

Only for a short minute and a half did the display last. Then an arc of sunlight burst forth at the western edge of the moon and the spectral figure of the corona was smitten from sight. Another cry of surprise, prolonged into a faint cheer, broke from the spectators.

One peculiar effect which I noticed was a distinct fluctuation in the illumination of the atmosphere after the darkness had become quite pronounced, but before the total phase had begun. At times there seemed to come a brightening of the air, gradually followed by a darker phase. The effect was as if vast waves were slowly passing overhead, producing successive condensation and scattering of the dim light. The shadow bands just before and after totality appeared as faint flickerings, like the shadows of tiny wavelets, crinkling curiously, and sweeping swiftly from the southwest, the quarter from which a slight wind was blowing.

GARRETT P. SERVISS.

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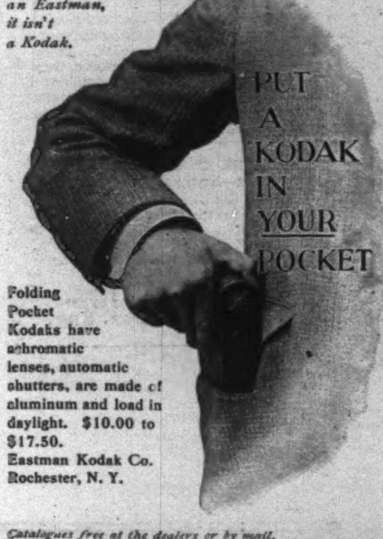

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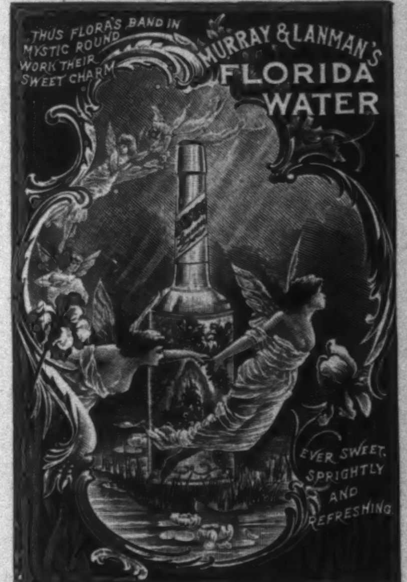
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FINANCE

BY A. K. FISKE

WHEN the American Sugar Refining Company was formed by the consolidation of several competing concerns it was expected practically to control the business of refining sugar, and has consequently been known as the Sugar Trust ever since. Among the establishments absorbed by it was that of the Doscher Brothers. The Mollenhauer Company of Brooklyn and the National, with its refinery at Yonkers, of which B. H. Howell, Sons, & Co. were the selling agents, were not taken in, but they were not strong competitors, and have never made a fight against the "Trust." The Arbuckle Brothers of Brooklyn were then in the coffee business, owning a patented machine for doing up packages of sugar. They bought sugar of the refineries, and put it up in pound packages as an accommodation or inducement to their coffee customers.

The story is that they tried to sell their sugar-packing machine to the Refining Company, which refused in contemptuous terms to buy the ingenious device, whereupon the Arbuckles determined to buy refined sugar no more, but to make it themselves, and re-established competition with the "Trust." Then the Doschers, who had been bought out at a liberal price, went back into the refining business at Long Island City, whereupon the "sugar war" was set agoing, and was kept up until the dividend upon the common stock of the American Company was reduced from 12 per cent. to 6, and threatened with extinction. A few months ago the difference in the price of raw and refined sugar was less than fifty cents a hundred-weight, which meant that refining was done at a loss, and the Mollenhauer and National refineries were shut down.

Now, under the apparent direction of B. H. Howell, Sons, & Co., the National Sugar Refining Company has been organized under the laws of New Jersey, combining in one corporation the National, Mollenhauer, and Doscher concerns. There is to be $10,000,000 of preferred and $10,000,000 of common stock, and the head of the firm of B. H. Howell, Sons, & Co. is the president of the company. This move was reported to be in the interest of peace and profit in the field of sugar-refining, though the Arbuckles remained on an independent footing. At all events the price of refined sugar was advanced again, and the difference between it and that of the raw was seventy-seven cents a hundred-weight, affording a profitable margin. It is generally believed that there is a peaceable understanding between the new company and the old for a limitation of competition and the maintenance of prices. The Mollenhauer works have started up after months of idleness, and the stock of the American Refining Company has advanced, though not very materially.

Steel Company stocks have continued weak and irregular, and the process of adjusting prices and output to a less urgent demand has gone on quietly. While the mills of the Steel and Wire Company at Joliet and Cleveland have started up again, some of those of the Federal Company at South Chicago have stopped, and prices at Pittsburg have been lowered. There are reports of contracts for steel rails at $25 a ton instead of the $35 of six months ago. Pig-iron, which is so important a gauge of industrial activity, has yielded from the high level of last winter.

Railroad stocks have continued inactive, but have remained firm. The reports, making comparisons by the week or month with the figures of a year ago, continue "favorable," but it is to be remembered that the classifications have been revised, and the rates increased in the interval. The gain in gross and net receipts is undoubtedly favorable for the railroads, and gives strength to their stocks, but it does not necessarily indicate a larger volume of business. The recent annual report of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company is not regarded as a favorable one, and has had a weakening effect upon its securities. The failure of Congress to pass the subsidy bill was doubtless disappointing to this particular corporation. The Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railway Company showed the effect of improved conditions by increasing the annual dividend upon the preferred stock from 4 to 5 per cent.

The money-market has continued in a condition of ease, with the same low rates that have prevailed for weeks, call loans being made at 1½ to 2 per cent., and time loans at from 3 to 5, according to the period and the security. The New York banks have continued to increase their reserves until the surplus over the legal requirement is over $20,000,000, although loans and deposits have increased at the same time.

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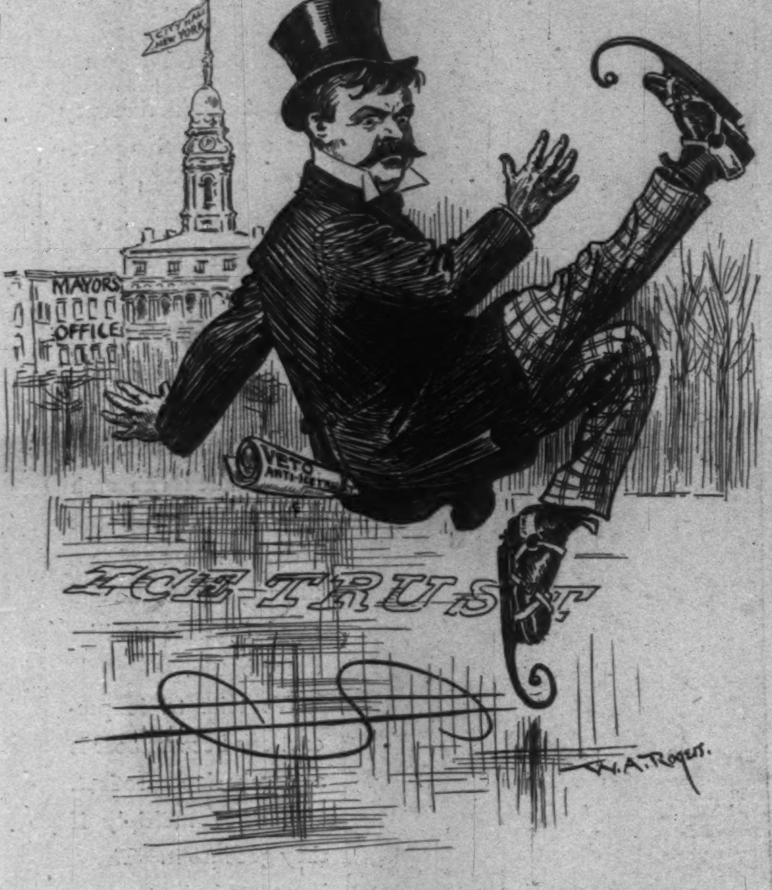

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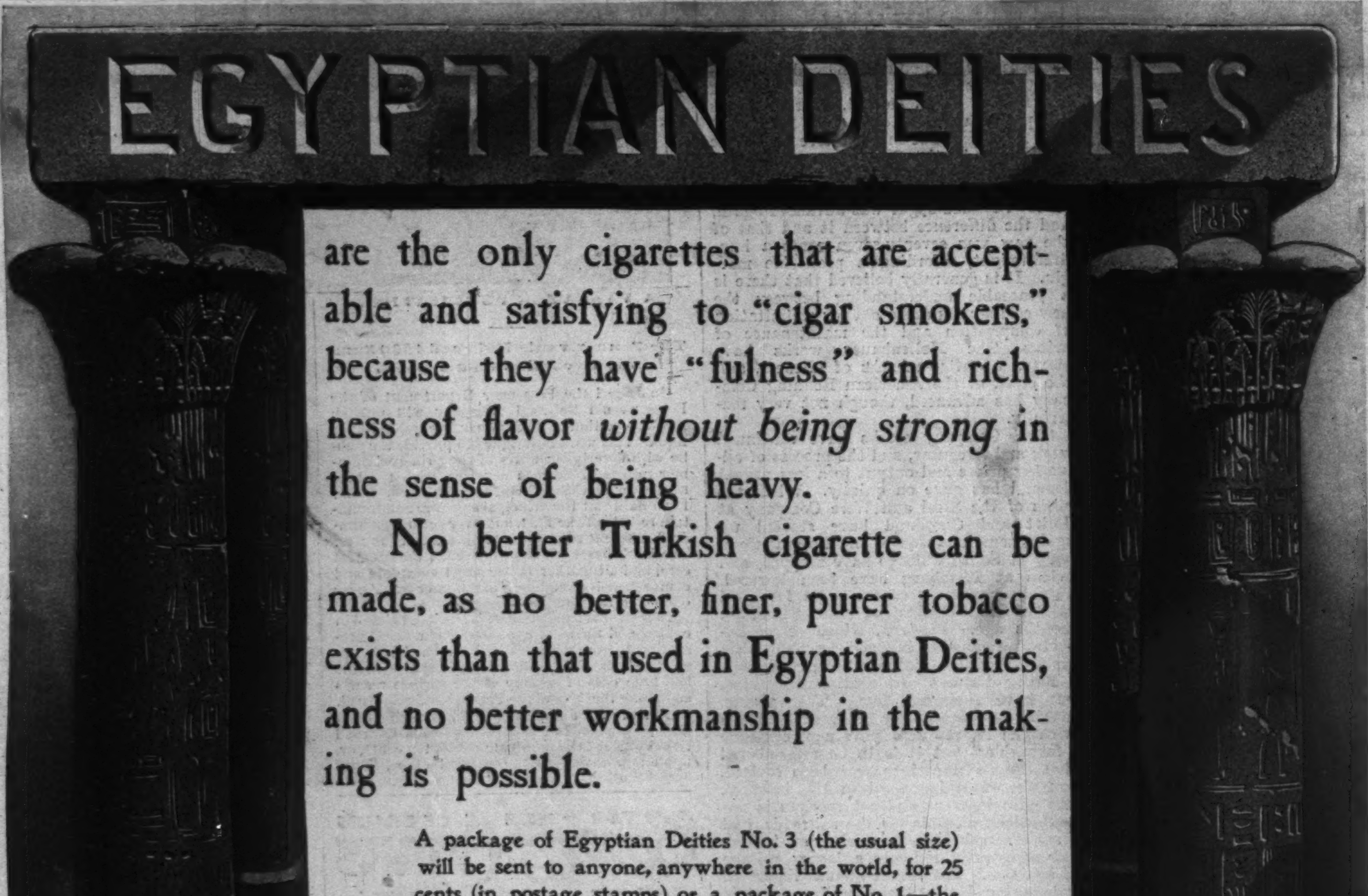
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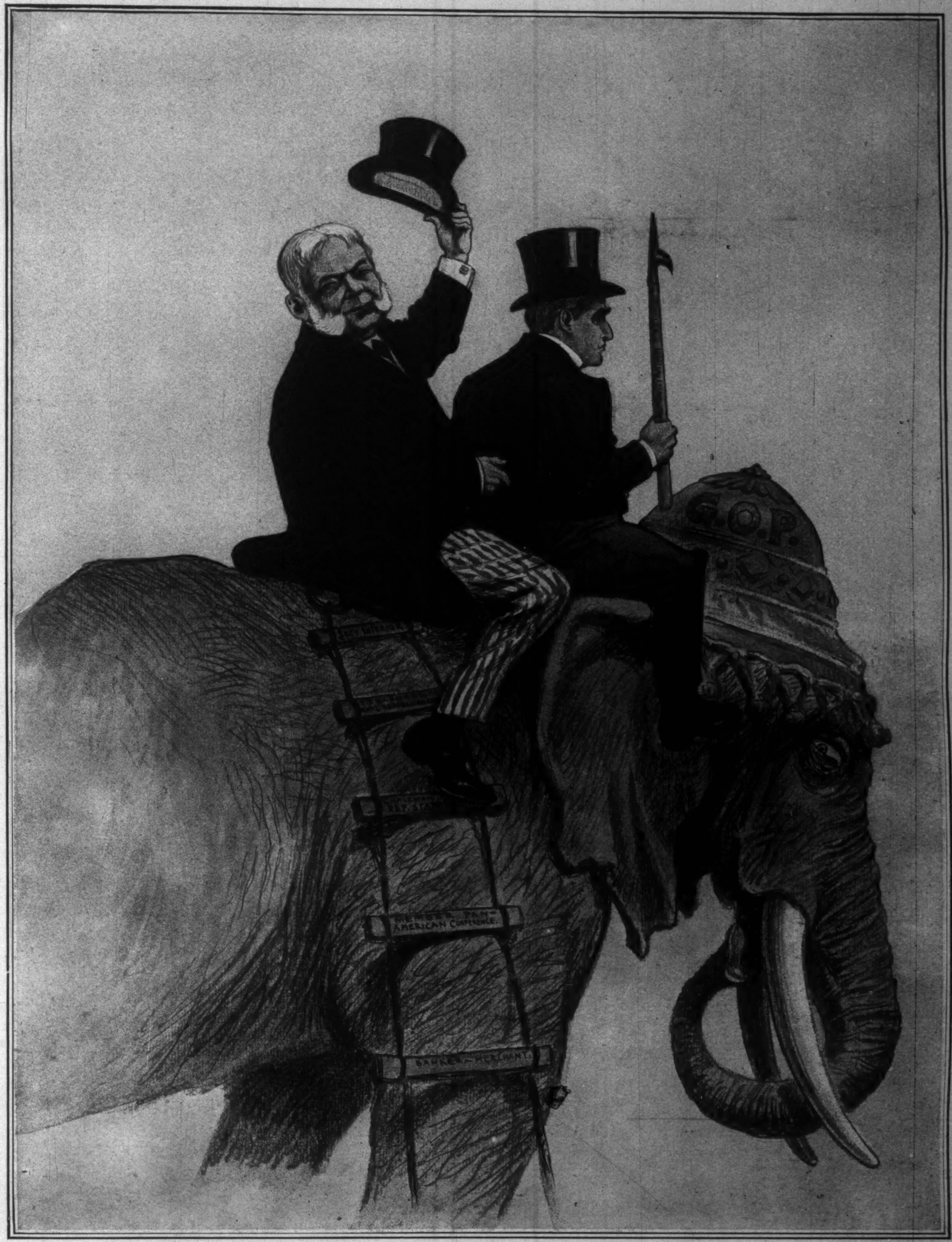
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